The Outlook

Volume 80 Saturday, August 12, 1905 Number 15

CONTENTS

THE WEEK

President Roosevelt and the Peace Plenipotentiaries 891
The Portsmouth Conference 891
The Czar as Reformer 892
The Japanese in Saghalien 893
Anti-American Feeling in China 893
Sweden, Norway, and Denmark 894
Law Enforcement in Missouri 894
Mr. Jerome's Achievements 895
The Immigrant, the Steamship, and the Law 896
The Yellow Fever 897
Rumors of War Denied 898
The Erie Canal: Progress or Delay? 898
The Equitable Suits 899
An Evil Inheritance 899
The New Religious Emphasis 900
The Zionists 900
Sales of Timber 901

EDITORIALS

Mr. Jerome on the Machine 901
The Wisdom of Youth 903
Practical Idealism 904
The Spectator 906

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES

New Subways for New York City 909
The Children of the Night 913
By Theodore Roosevelt
Admiral Togo 915
By George Kennan
The Pagan (Story) 922
By H. G. Dwight
Summer Vesper Sermons.—VII. Some Objects of Christ's Pity 932
By Lyman Abbott
The Country Schoolmaster 933
By William O. Clayton
BOOKS OF THE WEEK 935
CORRESPONDENCE 937

THE OUTLOOK is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The fourth issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

PRICE.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

POSTAGE IS PREPAID by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila (Samoa), Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

DISCONTINUANCES.—If a subscriber wishes his copy of the paper discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent. Otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

HOW TO REMIT.—Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express-Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of THE OUTLOOK COMPANY. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

LETTERS should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

Chicago Office, 1436 Marquette Building *287 Fourth Avenue, New York*

Copyright, 1905, by The Outlook Company. Entered as second-class matter in the New York Post-Office.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Experience

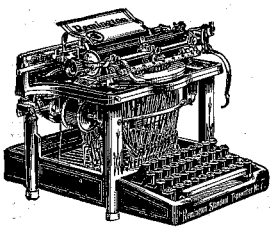
is the key to

Remington Quality

Quality

is the key to

Remington Supremacy



Remington
Typewriter Co.

325-327 Broadway
New York

Established 1884. Assets $4,500,000.00

NINETEENTH WARD BANK

East 57th Street.
New York,
pays in the Interest Department

4% Compound Interest.

NEW YORK STATE
has the safest banking law and the strictest bank examinations in the world.

Send for Pamphlet,
Banking By Mail.

Warner M. Van Norden,
President.

Will You Try the Battle Creek Life for 30 Days?

Will You Eat the Foods and Live the Life Our Experts Recommend?

Do You Really Want to Be Perfectly Well?

Tell us then if you are ailing or if in good health that you wish to remain so.

Let us send you our book. It is very interesting. The life it recommends you can live in your own *home*. You ought to read it.

Nowhere else are so many specialists studying this one thing alone—how to get well and how to *stay* well. No organization anywhere has been so successful. None other is so near the truth. And the basis of all this is right food—right living—keeping the stomach right.

All this we explain in our book. Explain clearly—logically—interestingly so that you may *understand*. Isn't it worth the mere effort of writing us simply to know? Won't you ask for our book to-day? Address The Battle Creek Sanitarium Co., Ltd., Dept. C 22, Battle Creek, Michigan.

The Farmers' Loan and Trust Company

Chartered 1822

Nos. 16, 18, 20 and 22 WILLIAM STREET
NEW YORK

CAPITAL, - - $1,000,000 00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS, 7,000,000 00

The Company is a legal depositary for moneys paid in Court, and is authorized to act as Executor, Administrato Trustee, Guardian, Receiver, and in all other Fiduciary c pacities.

Acts as Trustee under Mortgages made by Railroad a other Corporations, and as Transfer Agent and Registrar Stocks and Bonds.

Receives deposits upon Certificates of Deposit, or subject check and allows interest on daily balances.

Manages Real Estate and lends money on bond and mortgag

Acts as Agent for the transaction of any approved financi business.

EDWIN S. MARSTON, President.
THOS. J. BARNETT, 2d Vice-President.
SAMUEL SLOAN, JR., Secretary.
AUGUSTUS V. HEELY, Asst. Secy.
WILLIAM B. CARDOZO, Asst. Secy.
CORNELIUS R. AGNEW, Asst. Sec

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

Samuel Sloan,	E. R. Holden,
William Waldorf Astor,	William Rowland,
D. O. Mills,	Edward R. Bacon,
Robert F. Ballantine,	Henry H. Rogers,
Franklin D. Locke,	Edwin S. Marston,
George F. Baker,	Moses Taylor Pyne,
A. G. Agnew,	S. S. Palmer,
Charles A. Peabody,	Cleveland H. Dodge,
Hugh D. Acuhincloss,	John L. Riker,
James Stillman.	Daniel S. Lamont,
Henry A. C. Taylor,	Henry Hentz,
D. H. King, Jr.,	H. Van Rensselaer Kenned
Robert C. Boyd,	Archibald D. Russell,

P. A. Valentine.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Outlook

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1905

President Roosevelt and the Peace Plenipotentiaries

On Saturday of last week, at Oyster Bay, President Roosevelt introduced the Japanese and Russian plenipotentiaries to each other. The ceremony took place in the cabin of the Government yacht Mayflower. The Japanese officials were conveyed from New York City to Oyster Bay in the cruiser Tacoma and the Russians in the cruiser Chattanooga, all under the charge of Third Assistant Secretary of State Peirce. At the luncheon which followed the introduction Mr. Roosevelt proposed a toast to the welfare and prosperity of the sovereigns and the peoples of Japan and Russia, expressing his hope that, in the interest not only of these two great Powers, but of all civilized mankind, a just and lasting peace might be concluded. Thus was brought to a close the American President's humane, earnest, and tactful part in enhancing the world's peace. From beginning to end his far-sighted action has been auspiciously carried out. The pride which Americans have in him and the good will of the world toward him are well expressed in the London "Times's" comment on the probably historic function at Oyster Bay:

> Whatever may be the outcome of the negotiations, civilized mankind will not forget or undervalue the part Mr. Roosevelt has played in bringing them about. The issue rests in other hands than his, but the efforts he has made in the cause of peace, whether followed by success or failure, have won for him the gratitude of the world. He has done his duty as peacemaker faithfully and with a single mind.

❀

The Portsmouth Conference

From Oyster Bay the Mayflower carried the Russian plenipotentiaries, and the despatch-boat Dolphin the Japanese plenipotentiaries, towards Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The two boats were convoyed by the cruiser Galveston. Owing to a dense fog, the "peace fleet" was compelled to anchor in Newport Harbor until Monday of this week, but we learn that, from the first, Mr. Witte, the ranking Russian plenipotentiary, had planned to be put ashore there, as he is not a good sailor. He proceeded thence by rail. The fog, which extended along the entire New England coast, deferred by one day the welcome planned by the officials of the State of New Hampshire and of the Portsmouth Navy-Yard, where the conference is to take place. The little New Hampshire seaport has now upon it the eyes of the whole world. The probable duration of the conference there is a baffling subject for surmise. Of recent peace negotiations it is interesting to recall that the conference at Shimonoseki in 1895 between the Japanese and Chinese occupied ten days only, while the conference at Paris in 1898 between the United States and the Spaniards lasted for ten weeks. Whatever may be the outcome of the conference, the world at large prefers to believe that some kind of a treaty between Japan and Russia will before long be concluded; if not at Portsmouth, then elsewhere. This conviction means, first, that the world longs for peace and its wish is father to its thought; and, secondly, that it believes that both belligerents really desire peace; otherwise they would hardly have acted as they have done; in particular, statesmen of the stamp of Sergius Witte and Jutaro Komura would not be likely to lend themselves to a transaction predestined to end in failure. They are reinforced in any such desire by overwhelming numbers in their respective countries of those who are weary of war. In her proposals for peace Japan will doubtless make claims not so much for indemnifying the past as for securing the future. She is emphatically right in insisting on such pro-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vision as will guard to her what she has successfully fought for—the removal of a standing and an increasing menace on her borders. But the eyes of the great Powers, among whom Japan has now taken a deserved place, are upon her. Their unprecedented sympathy is her inestimable asset; she would not willingly lose it. Her proposals, therefore, should commend themselves to the Powers if framed not so much to emphasize Japan's present victory over Russia as to assure a lasting peace. Once made, however, the Japanese proposals may prove to be as much of an ultimatum as were those at Shimonoseki in 1895. For their part, the Russians should acknowledge that they have been soundly beaten. It is unsportsmanlike, to say the least, for a plucky but permanently defeated antagonist not to admit his rival's victory. Few observers longer cherish any illusion when magniloquent declarations are made in boast of Russian military superiority. That bubble has been pricked by a once-despised antagonist. The real Russia, however, potentially great if wisely directed, stands more clearly outlined than ever. It has never been really represented by the Russian Government. It will begin to be if that Government without further delay asks Japan to grant an armistice. The Government would further rise in the world's estimate by frankly accepting proper conditions of peace. If it does not, Japan has instantly ready a terrible argument—force, the only language which some persons and nations understand. The Russian Government may well remember that in Manchuria, Korea, and now in Siberia, the Japanese soldiers have never been so numerous nor so ready to meet their antagonists. Force is also implied in the argument by Paris, Berlin, London, and New York bankers, who have agreed to float new issues of Russian bonds only in the event of the peace negotiators' success.

❀

The Czar as Reformer

In an interview published last week in the New York "Tribune," Sir Donald Wallace says that Nicholas II. would make a splendid constitutional sovereign, but that he has not the qualities necessary to a successful autocrat. The Russian people have had too much experience, we should think, of the present Czar as an autocrat. We are glad that they have solemnly proposed to him instead to assume the rôle of a constitutional sovereign. But will he grant a Constitution? If not, he will bitterly disappoint the hopes of the liberals. On the other hand, though he may not grant a Constitution, he will disappoint the confidence of the reactionaries if he actually promulgates, as seems now more than possible, plans for a National Assembly. In this he has been influenced by the men who instituted the recent Congress, at Moscow, of delegates from the zemstvos and dumas, or district and municipal councils. Long before the convening of that Congress, the Czar, on March 3, issued a rescript addressed to the Minister of the Interior, directing him to prepare plans for the assembling of representatives of the people. In June the Minister published his plan. It was received with derision by the zemstvoists and dumaists at their Congress in July. In August we are told that the framing of the Government's new scheme for a National Assembly is the work, not of the Minister of the Interior, but of the Committee of Ministers, the Grand Dukes, and the Czar himself. It is said that the Czar is anxious to have the work finished so that he may promulgate the plan on August 12, the birthday of the infant heir apparent. It is understood that, in addition to the particulars which we gave last week, the project for a National Assembly provides for elections every five years, and that the Czar will have the right to prorogue or dissolve the Assembly and to determine the duration of the sessions. It is further understood that the Assembly will be entitled to pronounce on all Government bills, the budget, and all credits opened by the State; that if thirty members desire the introduction of new laws or the modification of existing statutes, they must convey their request, with a draft, to the President, who will refer the matter to a competent committee and then to the whole Assembly; that if the particular Minister

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

concerned thinks the proposal should be taken into consideration, the measure will take a regular course; if he disapproves, it will require a two-thirds vote of the Assembly to refer it to the Council of Ministers, which will submit it to the Czar; finally, that if the monarch authorizes the measure, the Ministers will be obliged to elaborate it. With reference to the right of interpellation, it is reported that the members will be entitled, by a request signed by thirty members, to bring the matter of infraction of the law to the attention of the Ministers, and to ask explanations; if the Assembly is not satisfied with the answers, the question may be submitted to the Emperor. The articles over which the main present conflict arises are the provisions that the Assembly shall be elected by indirect representation; that representatives of the press shall be admitted to the Assembly's sessions, and, what seems far more important than either of these things, that the Assembly's rejection, by a two-thirds majority, of any proposition submitted to it shall be final. The great events in Russia making for freedom have been the emancipation of the serfs and the establishment of zemstvos and dumas. Will this year and this month see a third?

❀

The Japanese in Saghalien

With evidently carefully timed precision and thoroughness, the Japanese forces have completed their occupation of the island of Saghalien just before the peace conference meets. Last week the Russian garrison on the island, which had been driven south, was attacked by an independent cavalry column of the Japanese, and the strategic situation soon developed in such form that General Liapinoff, the Russian Governor, found that a complete surrender was a military necessity. By this surrender the Japanese gained possession of large quantities of military supplies and of important papers and documents, and made prisoners seventy officers and thirty-two hundred men—a not inconsiderable military achievement when one considers the distance of the scene of operation from the main seat of war. The action of the Japanese in effecting a landing on the main coast of Siberia, and therefore in Russian territory, is not entirely clear. The report that Japan's intention is to send a large military force, escorted by gunboats, up the Amur River, seems not at all probable to any one who will look on a map and observe the circuitous route involved, the immense distance to be traversed to bring the supposed detachment in the rear of the position of General Linevich, and the topography of the region as a whole.

❀

Anti-American Feeling in China

Not all of the anti-American agitation in China is the work of anti-Christians. Much of it was begun by Chinese Christians. They are equally sensitive to the injustice shown to Chinese students, officials, and merchants who attempt to enter America. Among the first to undertake by public speeches to arouse opinion against our Government's course were the secretary to a Chinese marquis and the son of a Chinese judge. Both speakers were officers of the Young Men's Christian Association in Shanghai. Members of the great Chinese mercantile and banking guilds listened. Their indignation caused them to sanction more radical action in the direction of boycotting American goods than was expected. The feeling of resentment was daily increased by inflammatory articles in five influential Shanghai newspapers, and finally a mass-meeting of the Christians in that city was convened to consider the allegation that "Americans demand entry into China, but refuse to admit us to America." So immediate was the influence of this meeting that in a Christian college circulars were issued (later confiscated by the American president) calling out the entire student body, two hundred and fifty in number; in another college eight seniors protested against American teachers and left; and in a Christian high school every member of the senior class struck. Everywhere students were urged to leave institutions where American teachers are employed or American text-books or supplies used. It was not surprising, therefore, that the two hun-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dred American members of the Chinese Educational Association should appeal to President Roosevelt in the matter. Meanwhile, commercially, not only were the cities of Peking, Tientsin, Nanking, Changsha, Hankau, Suchau, Fuchau, and Canton falling into line, but also the remoter parts of the Empire; the Peking Foreign Office had telegraphed to all the viceroys and governors that injustice was being done in America, for "the Chinese nationals there had to eat bitterness" on account of the hardships which a too strict interpretation of the Exclusion Law has compelled many Chinese entering America to endure. Our long-continued course reflects with increasing seriousness upon all American educational and commercial interests in China.

❀

Sweden, Norway, and Denmark

Last week the Swedish Cabinet crisis was ended by the offer of the Premiership to Herre Christian Lundeburg, the head of the Joint Parliamentary Committee which had criticised the previous Liberal Cabinet's proposed procedure in the proceedings relative to the dissolution of the union with Norway and had caused that Cabinet's resignation. Though a Conservative, the new Prime Minister has had the wisdom to surround himself with a Coalition Cabinet. Another event of the past week seems as notable as this Cabinet change, namely, the German Emperor's attitude relative to a candidate for the Norwegian throne. When the Norwegians decided to separate from Sweden, they offered their throne to a prince of the Swedish Royal house, thus giving ample evidence of their lack of resentment personally, whatever might have been their feeling politically. The Swedish monarch, however, who had been King of both countries, immediately declined this offer, although it is now rumored that he has reconsidered it. The throne was then, it is reported, offered to another Scandinavian, Prince Charles, second son of the Crown Prince of Denmark. Prince Charles's wife is Princess Maud, King Edward's third daughter. This choice was doubtless gratifying to most Scandinavians and certainly to all Englishmen. But the German Emperor is also interested in the question, as it may have something to do with Germany's future and his own ambition. He naturally prefers to see a German Prince on the throne of Norway rather than that the bonds between Scandinavia and England should be strengthened. It may have been significant, therefore, that the Kaiser's companion in his recent visit to the Czar was one of the princes of Schleswig-Holstein. Last week, however, the Emperor paid a visit to the King of Denmark. Immediately thereafter he announced Germany's support of Prince Charles. While the Kaiser loses a chance of extending German influence in Norway, he gains friendliness where he really needs it more—in Denmark. Ever since the Dano-Prussian war in 1864, and the consequent loss to Denmark of the province of Schleswig-Holstein, the Danes have not unnaturally regarded the Germans as enemies rather than friends. Moreover, most Scandinavians and many well-wishers in other countries are agreed as to the desirability of forming some kind of Scandinavian alliance for mutual defense and protection, and for the furtherance of Scandinavian interests in foreign affairs. This alliance would include Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and perhaps, some day, Finland. In bringing this about, a Swedish or, if King Oscar persists in his refusal, a Danish Prince on the Norwegian throne would presumably be a more efficient factor than a German Prince. But not all Scandinavians are favorable to an immediate joining of hands. Concerning this Dr. Sven Hedin, the distinguished Swedish explorer, says in an open letter, "No nation would think of an alliance with another which at any moment might break treaties that had been solemnly ratified." On the other hand, another equally distinguished explorer, Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, a Norwegian, in his just-published volume, avers that the Norwegians have had real cause for revolt.

❀

Law Enforcement in Missouri

Governor Folk, of Missouri, has won another significant victory for his policy of strict enforcement of the law by his success in stopping the bet-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ting at the Delmar race-track just outside the city of St. Louis. Race-track gambling had become highly developed in Missouri in recent years under the operation of the so-called Breeders' Law, which, under the guise of encouraging the breeding of fine stock, legalized bookmaking on the races. In St. Louis the gambling had become especially demoralizing, the betting agents even invading the stores and soliciting wagers from employees. Accordingly, at the recent session of the Legislature, which contained an unusually large number of men of high character, the Breeders' Law was repealed, and, in spite of the efforts of the race-track owners, a statute was enacted making it a felony to record bets on horse races. When the new law became effective about the middle of June, the Delmar Jockey Club announced that it would continue its races indefinitely and that the bets would be recorded in cipher. The club's legal advisers held that convictions would be impossible with this device because there would be no plain record of bets, and the clerks could refuse to disclose the meaning of the cipher records on the plea of self-incrimination. It soon became evident that the officials of St. Louis County, in which the track is situated, would make only a half-hearted effort to enforce the law. Governor Folk thereupon directed the sheriff of the county to raid the track and stop the gambling. The sheriff's action proving fruitless, the Governor ordered the chief of police of St. Louis to detail a squad of patrolmen to stop the lawlessness at the race-track. A series of vigorous raids followed, which the Jockey Club vainly tried to stop by securing county warrants for the arrest of the policemen. The final blow was administered to the race-track interests when a judge of the Supreme Court issued a writ prohibiting the county officials from interfering with the police. The Court held that the Governor has the right to order the St. Louis police to any part of the State to suppress lawlessness. The writ is returnable to the Court in banc in October, and the Delmar Jockey Club has announced a suspension of racing until a decision is given on this point. Meanwhile the State's Attorney-General has brought proceedings for the forfeiture of the Club's property, on the ground that it persisted in violating the laws. Commenting on the closure of the track, Governor Folk said: "In Missouri obedience is given to the law because it is the law. No matter how much wealth outlaws may have behind them, or how much influence, they cannot contemptuously ignore the laws with impunity." The Governor's triumph over the race-track lawbreakers is the more notable coming as it does in connection with his conspicuous and unexpected success in enforcing the Sunday-closing laws in the principal cities of the State.

❀

Mr. Jerome's Achievements

According to his habit, Mr. William Travers Jerome has aroused the people of New York again by setting before them a moral issue. He has defied the party machines, and has asked for renomination by popular petition. In an editorial article in another column we give our reasons for calling this more than a personal or a political issue. Those reasons are based on the conviction that Mr. Jerome speaks truly when he says, "I believe I have served efficiently. I know I have served honestly." Of his honesty there is not even a whispered question. Of his efficiency his record is eloquent testimony. We can only present it here in outline. First, he has transformed his office both in its administrative methods and in its general spirit. A hint of the effectiveness of those methods may be found in the facts: that when he entered office 861 indictments were awaiting action, and at the end of the third year the number was only 396; that cases have been so promptly disposed of that, according to the estimate of the New York "Evening Post," the average time between indictment and final decision has been reduced from one month to one week, a most remarkable achievement in banishing the evils of the law's delay; that officers of his department collect legal evidence directly in murder cases instead of waiting for police reports. The transformation in the spirit of his office is best

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

understood after talking with the poor of New York; "to go to Jerome" has meant to seek the defender and avenger of the oppressed. Mr. Jerome has lived, during his term of office, in the tenement district, and has made himself approachable. During his campaign four years ago he stirred the whole city by his denunciation of the infamies of the "cadet" system; he has done more than any other, more than the police within whose function it really lay, to reduce this menace to the young women of the tenements. He has practically driven public gambling from the city. Our readers certainly have not forgotten the dramatic fashion in which one gambler after another came to Mr. Jerome and yielded up his outfit. Rascally lawyers have lately learned how severe the law can be in such hands as his. He has not been content with service within the limits of his office. He has gone before the Legislature, and has secured laws that have freed the prosecution of criminals from legal obstacles. He has sent grafters to prison. He has been a prod to indolent and sordid office-holders. He has made theater managers who have acquiesced in the violation of building laws stir and provide remedies; he has even been honored by calling forth from one of these a vulgar personal attack. He has made enemies of all dishonest and filthy-minded people, and has earned praises which he shares with no one else. He has troubled some good people by his many speeches; but he has troubled many not so good by his sharp deeds. And, beyond any other man in New York, he has been a maker of public sentiment. Mr. Jerome's record is its own eulogist.

❀

The Immigrant, the Steamship, and the Law

Of the men who have earned the right to speak with authority on the question of immigration Mr. Broughton Brandenburg belongs among the foremost. Specifically concerning those facts which are connected with the treatment accorded to immigrants he can speak out of a knowledge which probably no other man possesses. In a recent number of "Collier's" he tells of some of the conditions he has personally had to bear in the steerage quarters of some transatlantic steamships. On one of these vessels he and his wife, crossing the ocean from New York to Naples, suffered from filthiness and from the lack of suitable places to eat and sleep. On the return voyage in another vessel their experience among the crowded immigrants, who were forced to remain in the midst of filth, to breathe foul air, and to sleep without privacy, was revolting. In fairness he names certain lines on which he has found "very superior accommodations" for the third class; but on other lines, among which are to be found vessels of the most modern type, he discovered conditions so disgusting that it almost passes belief that human beings can endure them. Although the Federal laws regulating the apartments used for transatlantic passengers are none too strict, they are, according to his report, manifestly disregarded and unenforced. In "Harper's Weekly" Mr. Brandenburg tells how the contract labor law is violated and evaded. While, therefore, people are discussing what new laws ought to be adopted for the restriction of immigration, the torrent of immigrants is allowed to pour in past the legal barriers which are already in existence. The United States is not bent on keeping out as many foreigners as possible; every American may take pride in the fact that his country became a refuge for nearly 185,000 people from Russia in the twelve months preceding the first of last July; but the United States is and ought to be concerned with protecting itself against the evils that accompany unregulated immigration. It is better to admit ten men physically healthy, intellectually and morally vigorous, and industrially free, than to admit but one man if he is diseased, depraved, or under bonds. A more rigorous enforcement of the present laws would keep out many immigrants; but, what is vastly more important, it would protect the country against physical, moral, and economic evils which are now attacking it. The figures of immigration for the year ending June 30 have just been made public. They show an increase of twenty per cent. over 1903, and of more than twenty-six

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

per cent. over 1904; and though a still larger ratio appears in the increase of aliens debarred, the total number excluded, less than 12,000, is insignificant in comparison with the more than a million admitted. The question of immigration is becoming yearly more serious.

❀

The Yellow Fever at New Orleans

A wise and intelligent move in the fight against yellow fever was the action of the Governor of Louisiana, indorsed by leading citizens in a large public meeting, asking President Roosevelt to put the United States Marine Hospital Service in charge of the situation so far as possible. The President immediately responded by asking Surgeon-General Wyman to do everything possible under the law, and the experts of the National health department are already vigorously at work upon the problem. Dr. J. H. White and Dr. J. M. Guiteras, who will take the lead in this campaign, have had exceptional experience in dealing with yellow fever and with other dangerous epidemics. The Governor of Mississippi (which has no organized State Health Board) has joined in the request for Federal supervision, and this will have, no doubt, the effect of lessening the friction between the State and local authorities of Mississippi and Louisiana. Last week this friction was so great that it threatened petty and preposterous inter-State hostilities; each State had a little fleet of armed launches such as might make the navy of an *opera bouffe* war; and at the entrance of the Lake Borgne Canal, which is wholly within Louisiana's territory, these miniature war-ships had quarrels as to the proper limits to be observed by the two parties. Common sense and perhaps fear of ridicule have apparently now put an end to threats of violence and retaliation. The quarantine maintained locally by towns and counties in both Louisiana and Mississippi has been kept up with threats and force. So far as this quarantine prevents the handling of goods from New Orleans, and in some other respects, it is entirely unscientific and unnecessary according to the now accepted belief as to the propagation of the disease, described last week in these columns. The reports from New Orleans on Monday of this week showed a total number of 105 deaths since the beginning of the epidemic, and a total of 533 cases in all. This is not regarded as discouraging, in view of the fact that the fever got an active start, owing to the concealment of cases in the lower quarters of the city. The Rev. Beverly Warner has been a leader, not only in educating public opinion concerning proper precautions, but also in using buttons and placards to sustain cheerfulness and hopefulness among the people. Archbishop Chapelle has been stricken down at his post by the fever, and has the sympathy and admiration of the whole country.

❀

Yellow Fever: Quarantine and the Mosquito Theory

While there have been single cases or groups of a few cases in many places in the city outside of the originally infected district, these have been dealt with promptly, and the infection has not spread notably in those places. It becomes increasingly evident that more rigid quarantine supervision at the port of New Orleans is required to prevent the entrance of yellow fever. The facts in the present epidemic form a strong argument for the control of all quarantine stations by the United States Government. New York's quarantine is, we believe, now carried on with scientific thoroughness. Two deaths from yellow fever have occurred at the New York quarantine station; both were found in ships coming from Colon. The rule at the New York quarantine station is to detain every person having an abnormally high temperature until yellow fever or other serious disease, if it exists, has ample time to develop. It will be remembered that yellow fever has never obtained ground in New York within the last half-century. In earlier days New York had many epidemics of yellow fever of greater or less extent, and it is stated in local histories that in 1798 the proportionally enormous number of two thousand persons were swept away. Some skeptically inclined people have regarded this as an argument against the theory now received by practically all scientists

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as to the spread of the disease by one peculiar species of mosquito. The doubters ask how, if this mosquito is not native to this locality, such a wide epidemic of the fever could have taken place. But in reply to this argument an editorial writer in the "Medical Record" forcibly remarks:

> The truth of the theory, it is generally believed by the medical world, was demonstrated experimentally and practically in Havana; and, in the face of the mighty sanitary revolution there effected, objections based upon the unexplained facts of old-time epidemics in Philadelphia and other Northern cities, where the *Stegomyia* mosquito does not habitually flourish, have but little force. It is more reasonable to explain these epidemics on the supposition of an importation of the fever-bearing insect than it is to explain the fact of Havana's riddance on any but the mosquito theory.

❀

Rumors of War Denied

Those who have followed the career of John Mitchell, the head of the United Mine Workers, gave no credence to the report that in a recent speech he had recommended to the members of the union a policy of unreasoning greed. He has explicitly denied even that the coal-miners are contemplating a general strike next year, and has indignantly repudiated the insinuation that the union would strike within two or three months. "The United Mine Workers," he says, "have never broken an agreement yet, and don't propose to begin it now. We have a written agreement with the bituminous operators, and will live up to it. We have an agreement with the anthracite operators through the Commission's award, and we will live up to that strictly also." As he says, these rumors of strike preparations are due to the coincidence that both these agreements, though made independently, terminate on the same date, the first of next April. Interests unfriendly to organized labor are assuming that when the time for new agreements to be made arrives, the United Mine Workers will make unreasonable demands. There is, of course, no more ground for assuming this than there is for expecting the coal operators to make unreasonable proposals. A coal strike next spring would be deplorable, and we think that one side is quite as sincere as the other in urging the advisability of avoiding it. Mr. David Willcox, president of one of the coal companies, argues, in the current number of the "North American Review," in favor of continuing the terms of the award made by the Anthracite Commission. By thus addressing the public he recognizes the interest which the public has in this "private business." This fact alone is cheering.

❀

The Erie Canal: Progress or Delay?

In spite of the large majority by which the people of the State of New York voted for the enlargement of the Erie Canal, the opponents of the project seem to be pertinacious. They have raised legal obstacles and have continued to argue the merits of the question as if no vote had been taken: In the meantime the Canal Board, in charge of the construction, and the Advisory Board of engineers have been in consultation. It now appears that these two boards are seriously considering plans by which the canal may be enabled to accommodate not merely one-thousand-ton barges, as originally proposed, but vessels carrying two thousand tons or more. We believe the public has a right to know whether either the legal objections or these new proposals are likely seriously to delay the work of enlargement. The stability of popular government depends upon the willingness of the minority to acquiesce in the expressed will of the majority. It is because of a lack of this willingness that so many Latin-American republics are in constant turmoil. In the United States we do acquiesce in the result of elections of candidates for office; but apparently we have yet to learn that, if democracy is to be an effective as well as a free form of government, we must acquiesce in the results of popular voting on public undertakings. In this matter of the Erie Canal it is of course justifiable for any one to appeal to the courts for a decision as to the legality of the plan; but it is not in the interest of good government for any body of men to attempt to reverse public opinion on the subject or to discuss any change in the plan incompatible with the expressed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will of the people. The question may have been settled wrongly; but so, in the opinion of many, was the last Presidential contest. The one ought to be regarded as settled as much as the other. The argument against the continued usefulness of canals, by the way, meets with a serious rebuttal in the history of the ship canal at Sault Ste. Marie, the fiftieth anniversary of which was celebrated last week.

❀

A Suit Against Equitable Directors

Attorney-General Mayer brought suit last week against the Equitable Life Assurance Society and forty-nine of the members of its old Board of Directors, as a result of his study of the evidence collected by the State Superintendent of Insurance. The action is brought under the section of the Code of Civil Procedure which provides for suits to compel directors to "account for their official conduct in the management and disposition of the funds and property committed to their charge," and to "pay to the corporation which they represent, or to its creditors, any money, and the value of any property, which they have acquired to themselves, or transferred to others, or lost, or wasted, by a violation of their duties." The action has a threefold object: to compel the restitution of any money which they have acquired at the expense of the Society; to secure the removal of any director who is found guilty of any violation of his trust; and to cause the surplus of the Society to be applied for the benefit of the present policy-holders in accordance with the charter and the law. The complaint, which has been served on each of the defendants, charges them with violation of their trust in the matter of the leases to safe-deposit companies, the granting of excessive salaries to officers, the large unsecured advances to agents and the assigning of these loans to subsidiary trust companies, the mysterious loan of $685,000 made by the Mercantile Trust Company to James W. Alexander and Thomas D. Jordan as trustees, the loan to the Depew Improvement Company, and many other of the transactions taken up by Superintendent Hendricks in his report. Each of the defendants must file an answer to the complaint within twenty days. The Attorney-General hopes to bring the suit to trial in October. The judicial inquiry which will then result will undoubtedly be more sweeping and thorough than any of the investigations of the Equitable affairs that have yet been made. The decision of the Court should definitely determine the responsibility for the mismanagement of the Society, and decide the vexed question of the disposition of its great surplus.

❀

An Evil Inheritance

One of the impertinent and dangerous relics of primitive days in New York City is the steam railroad line that runs along Eleventh Avenue down as far as Thirtieth Street. Lumbering freight trains preceded by a man on horseback bearing a red flag move relentlessly up and down that crowded avenue. Children playing in the street run back and forth in front of these heavy trains, and climb about the cars. Though always moving slowly, these trains are not controllable like a trolley-car or an automobile; their momentum cannot be suddenly checked. The bells and whistles which announce their approach have more menace in their sound than the clang of the trolley or the honk of the motor-car. Moreover, they are an obstruction to traffic. Travelers on their way to and from ferries or harbor and river steamboats are delayed at crossings until a long line of freight-cars rattles by. Ambulances and fire-engines, whose warning bells arrest street-cars and send carriages and pedestrians to places of safety, are forced by this survival of earlier days to wait its phlegmatic pleasure. Disease and hostile flames find an ally in this arrogant line of railway. In the first half of the nineteenth century, when the city was bordered by cultivated or waste land, unforeseeing Aldermen granted a perpetual franchise for a railway line through this street—then a roadway. There's the rub. A General Committee of Fifty, consisting of West Side citizens under the chairmanship of Father Chidwick, late chaplain of the United States battleship Maine, has been formed to work jointly with the Social Reform Club in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an undertaking to remove this anachronism; and the two organizations have the efficient support of the New York "Evening Post." In some way the grip which this railroad line has upon the city ought to be loosened. So long as it exists, however, it can serve as a lesson, not only to New York City, but to every small village, on the witlessness of granting franchises in perpetuity.

❀

The New Religious Emphasis

Under this head The Outlook commented, December 24, on the action taken on the Capital and Labor question by the National Congregational Council. That action has been strongly sustained by the Congregational Association of New York, a body of over three hundred churches with a membership above fifty thousand, in the recently published Minutes of whose annual meeting in May is found the report, then adopted, of its Committee on Applied Christianity. This takes the solid ground that, "if Jesus is taken seriously," the value of the present religious awakening must be measured, not by additions to church membership, or by the payment of church debts, or by the abandonment of private sins, but by the development of a new social and political life. "In two thousand years passed in the light of Christ's love," says the Association, "we have not yet learned to feed and clothe ourselves without injustice." Nearly two million children under sixteen years of age, many thousands of them but ten or twelve years old, are forced into the army of breadwinners, and the Church is called to the rescue of these children of the people from the indifference of ignorance and the greed of gain. The supreme interest before the Church to-day is "to teach brotherhood as the only true basis of business. The relation of men to things, which so dominates our economic methods, must give place to a new basis—the relation of man to man." In promoting this fundamental change of attitude the Church, if faithful to the teaching of Jesus, must take the lead. Only so will it become the recognized peacemaker in society. "To withdraw to her own quietness, and busy herself solely with the question of saving a man here and there, is moral blindness." Such utterances indicate the high ground taken by the Association upon a variety of pertinent topics, including personal evangelism, the peace movement, and the temperance movement. The solution of the problems created by immigration is affirmed to be not in paternalism but in fraternalism. The problem of the unemployed is declared to be a religious problem. The problem of supplying our material needs must be made a question of social art to save time and thought for higher things. The monopoly of natural resources by a few must give way to an equalization of opportunities. On all these subjects it is insisted that "the attitude is all-important"—the emphasis on the human element which Christianity requires. The Church, therefore, cannot claim to have fulfilled its ministry while, as now, one-tenth of the population are living "below the margin of physical comfort or the opportunity for normal mental development." That the Church may fulfill its ministry to these the Association insists not only on a Christian attitude toward the problem, but on such a study of industrial conditions and principles as to refute current fallacies on the one hand, and on the other hand to promote all righteous readjustments.

❀

The Zionists

Last week at Basle, Switzerland, where other Zionist Congresses have taken place, the Congress of 1905 met. The chief event seems to have been a rejection by the majority of Great Britain's offer of a tract of land in East Africa for colonization purposes. The principal speaker in behalf of acceptance of the British proposition was Mr. Israel Zangwill, the novelist; the principal speaker on the other side was Sir Francis Montefiore, who warmly contended that Palestine was a more fitting site for colonization. The ensuing debate degenerated into a noisy demonstration, and President Max Nordau, who had been chosen to succeed the late Dr. Herzl, was obliged to close the session. The Socialist sections of the Congress thereupon met separately, and, declaring their disagreement with the decision of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Congress not to accept the British offer, decided to form a special organization to take over the territory. On the other hand, the majority, in an ensuing session of the Congress, expressed their conviction that Great Britain, having recognized Zionism, would now aid Zionists in obtaining a tract in Palestine. This year's meeting of Zionists can hardly have prejudiced practical outsiders favorably toward them, but the ideal of Theodor Herzl—a home in Palestine for the oppressed Jews of all countries, but especially of those in Russia and Rumania—remains as picturesque and, to many, as attractive as ever.

❀

Sales of Timber from the Forest Reserves

During the past few months some notable work has been done by that branch of the Forest Service which has in charge the sale of timber on the National Forest Reserves. The largest actual sales have been in the Black Hills Forest Reserve in South Dakota. A ready market is assured there for fuel wood, fence-posts, and ties. Over half the amount received during the last fiscal year has been received on account of the sales in this one Reserve. From the Yellowstone Forest Reserve large quantities of timber are expected to be sold as the irrigation projects of the Government's Reclamation Service assume more definite form. In the Big Horn Forest Reserve, Wyoming, for fifty million feet of pine and spruce the Forest Service has now received an offer of two dollars and a half a thousand feet—a great advance on the average price received for sales of timber in that region. Sales are necessary; otherwise much of the timber would die and disappear without benefiting the Government or any one, and large sales are now made possible because of the recent Congressional enactment which allows export of timber from the State in which it is located—an enactment which also helps the price. Of course only mature and dead timber will be cut down, thus assuring the forest's future productivity by guarding the young growth and the seed trees and by protecting the forests from fire. Sales of timber satisfy the forester and economist by ministering to the evening and preservation of the great National wealth in our forests, and the record of present and prospective sales this year would indicate that the Government's income from that source will be materially increased.

❀

Mr. Jerome on the Machine

Quite recently Mr. Jerome, in a published interview, sharply criticised the administration of Mayor McClellan, of New York City. The incident which provoked this criticism was the removal of the experienced clerk of the Court of Special Sessions to make room for the appointment of a man who had been a bartender, whose only apparent qualification for the office was political pull. Mr. Jerome gave specifications showing that this incident was only one of many of analogous character. The Health, the Building, and the Police Department have all been officered in important respects by men who were not the best obtainable, and better men have been removed to make place for the new appointees. Mr. Jerome made it clear that Mayor McClellan has been overpraised. His administration has been a great deal better than his political opponents prophesied that it would be; but it has been a great deal worse than his eulogists declare that it is.

There are two attitudes toward the machine which are sometimes confounded, but which are wholly different. Both involve working with the machine, but on different principles and in a different spirit. The first says: I will give a good administration, and, as far as is consistent with a good administration, I will work with the machine. That has been Mr. Roosevelt's principle. The other says: I will work with the machine, and, as far as is consistent with working with the machine, I will give a good administration. That has been Mr. McClellan's principle. The first makes good government the end, party organization the means; the second makes party organization the end, good government the means.

Mr. Jerome's attitude is different. It

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is that of open hostility to the machine. He is a Democrat in National politics but an Independent in city politics. Perhaps as President he would act with the National machine; perhaps as Mayor Mr. Roosevelt would be independent of the local machine. Certainly Mr. Jerome is so. His position is that the domination of the machine is the worst feature in local politics, and the worst enemy of good government. He not only will not submit to the machine, he will make no alliance with it. He is not merely anti-Tammany, he is anti-machine. He calls on his fellow-citizens to unite with him in making war upon the machine. And he gives them the opportunity to do so by announcing himself as candidate for re-election to the office of District Attorney. His announcement is characteristically bold. Its audacity and its independence will commend it to all those men in the county of New York who prefer good government to party victory:

I do not desire and never have desired to be a candidate for the office of Mayor of the city of New York or to be Mayor of the city.

I desire to serve another term as District Attorney of New York County.

I have served in this office for three and one-half years as faithfully as I knew how.

I believe I have served efficiently.

I know I have served honestly.

I do not claim that I have not made mistakes. A man can insure his integrity, but not the infallibility of his judgment.

I am not and never have been a member of any political organization, although a Democrat in National politics. It seems to me that the issues which divide the people in National political affairs have no real application to the questions which arise in State or local affairs.

It seems to me that one of the greatest evils of the present time is that small groups of men have, and not infrequently a single man has, obtained control of the executive machinery of party organizations and nominating conventions and stand between the public servant and the voters. The result is that one in public office has to choose between a termination of his public career or subserviency to such a man or group of men. The public officer, as a consequence, frequently feels no responsibility to the people, but only to those who can secure for him a return to office or future promotion.

In the exercise of their power such men and groups of men are wholly selfish, almost entirely irresponsible, and not infrequently corrupt.

A man who works with such a group and receives favors at their hands comes under implicit obligations which cannot honorably be disregarded. He cannot take office by their favor and still be free to deal with them and their demands as obedience to his oath of office requires.

For these reasons Mr. Jerome does not propose to be dependent for his nomination on any political machine—Democratic, Republican, or Reform. If two thousand voters in the county sign a petition for him as District Attorney, he will file the petition and so go before the people with no machine to support him, and with no obligation on his part, if he is elected, to support the machine.

The question whether Mr. Jerome shall be re-elected District Attorney of the county of New York is a local question; though we think it the most important question the people of that county have to vote upon this fall. But the question whether the public officials of America shall be dependent on the machine or independent of it is not a local question. No more important question to-day confronts the American people. It is because of the machine that Mr. Bryce is compelled to say that the government of cities "Americans themselves describe as their one failure, the blot on the escutcheon of their democratic system;" and to the domination of the machine he attributes this failure: "cities are still liable to fall under the dominion of Rings and Bosses." It is to the machine that we owe the degeneracy of the United States Senate since the days of Webster and Calhoun—a Senate three of whose members have been under criminal prosecution for corrupt malfeasance in office. Mr. Jerome is absolutely right in calling on the people to put an end to this machine domination. He has indicated one method by which its power can be broken: independent nominations. As the New York "Evening Post" has pointed out, this is not a new method:

What Mr. Jerome has done is simply to return to the good practice of an elder day. Ambitious men used not to hesitate to announce their candidacy. In the generation when the career open to talent did not mean an opening into a boss's back room, men of mark were in the habit of notifying a given

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

constituency that they were prepared to "stand" for the honor of representing it in Legislature or Congress. But of recent years candidates have not stood; they have crawled. They have gone on their bellies and eaten dirt. The old way of offering one's self for the public inspection and the free canvassing of the people has been abandoned for that of secret intrigue, machine manipulation, debasing or disgraceful bargains, compromising with the devil.

That the American people will to any considerable extent return to this method of self-nomination is not probable. It is not even desirable. The method which modern thought has suggested—that of the direct primary—is more thorough, more radical, and more democratic. But Mr. Jerome has shown that we need not wait for the State to adopt that method. Political independence is possible without waiting for a popular movement.

The people of the county of New York can give such a response to Mr. Jerome's appeal as will be an object-lesson to the Nation. We hope that this will be done. We advise every voter in the county of New York who reads this article to send to Mr. William Travers Jerome his name for Mr. Jerome's petition. We advise all social settlement workers to start such a petition in their respective neighborhoods. We advise those who believe that political purity is more important than party triumph to give Mr. Jerome their addresses for the future benefit of his campaign fund.

We should not offer this advice in the interest of a movement that was primarily either personal or political. In every election there is always a personal question, as, Shall Mr. Low or Mr. McClellan be Mayor of the city? On such a question the best men may differ. There is often a political question, one which involves methods of government, as, Shall the city own the municipal industries or allow them to become subjects of private ownership? The question which Mr. Jerome raises is more than either a personal or political question; it concerns more than either the personnel or the methods of local administration. It is the question whether government shall be administered in the interest of the people or of the machine; whether the officials shall be the servants of the people or of the rings and bosses. The movement which Mr. Jerome has initiated in New York, like that initiated by Mr. Weaver in Philadelphia, is one for the impartial punishment of crime, the efficient protection of person and property, the discouragement of graft, and the emancipation of the voter from the yoke of political serfdom.

❀

The Wisdom of Youth

There is a wisdom born of long experience in the ways that are right and in paths that are sweet which all men honor and reverence, for there is something that comes to age which neither youth nor maturity can command. But there is another and so-called wisdom of age which has its roots in the weaknesses of men, not in their strength, in the failure of their endeavors, and in their doubts; the wisdom of prudence, which hugs the shore of comfort and holds back from the great adventures of the spirit, which doubts the realities of the higher life because no longer in touch with them, which challenges every generous impulse and chivalrous experiment; which sometimes recognizes the beauty of high aims, but always questions the possibility of realizing them; which sees the long line of failures, infelicities, disappointments, and says to ardent Youth, "Be sensible, give up your dreams, take life as you find it; be content to be the average man and the average woman in morals, efficiency, and aims; the others are only dreamers!" "Behold, this dreamer cometh!" has been the cry of men and women who content themselves with this wisdom, since the beginning of time. But the dreamer comes, and once more the morning of hope dawns on the world. A few months ago in all parts of the English as in the German speaking world there were commemorations of the hundredth anniversary of the death of a man who was scorned as a dreamer in his time, so beautiful were his visions and so impracticable; but the men who scorned him are forgotten, and all the world loves Schiller, not because he did things with his hands, but because he was content to walk through life dream-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing the noble things that were possible to men.

This miscalled wisdom of experience is the old siren song of worldliness, sung in the ears of the dwellers in Mesopotamia before there were sails on the Mediterranean. It is the philosophy of the men and women who have exchanged their ideals for their comfort, and, because their ideals no longer live with them, believe that ideals have ceased to exist for everybody else. Such a man looks out of the window of his well-furnished and comfortable room and shrugs his shoulders as he sees youth storm past, ardent, impetuous, filled with great hopes; and goes back to his fire and thinks himself wise, and does not know that he is the typical fool of whom the Bible tells us, who said, "There is no God!" This prudent, calculating, doubtful attitude toward life would be sound if it were not based on the fundamental error that there is no God. In "Hamlet" the cautious, prudent, careful Polonius, warning his son against all manner of danger and counseling him to keep away from life, but never telling him how to meet and master it, would be right, George MacDonald once said, if the devil were God. But because the devil is not God it is the most short-sighted policy in the world. The wisdom of youth, faith, hope, enthusiasm, is based on the fundamental fact that there is a God, that therefore the best things are true, and that the best things belong to men and are within their reach if not their grasp. There is no dream which does not fall short of the reality, because there is a God. Youth trusts instinctively the hidden forces instead of fearing them, marches boldly into life instead of intrenching itself against life, risks years, life, talent, heart, as great souls have always risked these things, in believing that there are few things in life worth getting but a host of things worth being and a host of things worth doing; that it is better to meet with shipwreck seeking worlds than to rot in harbor-safety! Where is safety, except in doing the highest things possible to us and going to the ultimate harbor where we can cast anchor at last?

If this modern world is to be saved, it must deepen its faith, must freshen its hope, must preserve its enthusiasm. Its problems are so perplexing, its cares so many, its duties so difficult, that nothing can save it but a great tide of spiritual vitality. What is needed in private and in public life is not so much knowledge of what ought to be done as strength to do what we know is waiting to be done. Never has the fight between the things of the body and the things of the spirit been so sharply defined as on this continent to-day, because never anywhere have the material prizes of life been so great. It is idle to preach poverty to men; it is idle to tell them to stop getting rich; they cannot help it. The combination of the genius which God has put into them, with the knowledge of the modern world and the resources of that world, compels men to be rich. To preach poverty as it was preached in the Middle Ages would be to preach suicide to men. To say, "Arrest your effort, curb your energy, stop your activity," would mean going backward. What ought to be said is not, "You must become poorer," but, "You must become stronger." The wealth of the world can be carried if we only know its spiritual possibilities. Wealth is a merciless and brutal tyrant if it is a master; it is a marvelous servant if it is under the hand; and the one real question on this continent is whether we are to be the servants of our fortune or the masters of it as well as its makers.

The real antagonist to the spirit of materialism is the spirit of youth—faith in the things of the soul, joy in the work of life, belief in its highest aims, enthusiasm in its service. Nothing ages men like complete absorption in affairs; nothing keeps men young like freedom of the spirit; it is the letter that killeth; it is the spirit that giveth life.

❀

Practical Idealism

What is often called idealism by people who lack imagination or sentiment is simply the habit of seeing persons and relations in the light of their spiritual significance. To be practical and to have common sense and sound judgment

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

does not mean, as some people seem to think, seeing the fact clearly and seeing nothing else; it does involve seeing the fact clearly, but it also involves seeing the fact in its connection with other facts. No man really sees a tree unless he sees a bit of the landscape of which it forms a part; no man sees a human life unless he sees below the surface of its activities. So called "hard-headed" people, who are credited with a vast amount of wise judgment, are often led into the grossest mistakes because they are so intent on seeing the surface and outlines of a fact clearly that they entirely miss its relation to other facts. All the facts of life are related to two orders, a physical order and a spiritual order, and no fact is really understood unless it is seen in its relation to both these orders.

What is called sentiment, with a slight touch of derision, by people who consider themselves practical, is one of the most potent elements in the business world; prosperity and adversity depend upon it. Some of the greatest financial reactions have been set in motion, not by a change of conditions, but by a change of feeling; the stock market takes small account of sentiment, but sentiment makes and unmakes the stock market. In the war with Russia one of the greatest forces which Japan has had at command has been the patriotic feeling of her people; their passionate devotion to the Emperor and the country has been worth an army corps to them. It was to the feeling of his little band that Henry V. made his noble appeal on the eve of Agincourt, and that feeling made the day memorable in the history of two countries. It was on the feeling of devotion on the part of his troops that Napoleon counted as one of the most important elements of his power; and no small part of his superb coolness and audacity had its roots in his belief in his star. That star began to wane as soon as he lost faith in it.

In family life especially feeling plays a great part and must be counted one of the foremost elements of happiness. The matter-of-fact man or woman sees the group of people bound together by the family tie as a certain number of persons constituted into a distinct entity by a religious or civil ceremony, and having certain duties and responsibilities imposed on them by that ceremony. This is the matter-of-fact, practical, hard-headed view of the family; the view which sees with distinctness the bare structure of the family, its external relations to the physical order of life, its legal form and meaning. But all these things form the mere shell of the family, its external shape and form; and in those cases in which there is nothing else the family is a mockery. For the reality and beauty of the family have their roots in the spiritual ideal of which it is an expression; and the richness and power of the family life largely depend on the sentiment ingrained by this ideal and the reverence and devotion which give that sentiment utterance in word and act. The family life is kept fresh, sweet, and inspiring by the habitual expression of tenderness and respect in innumerable courtesies and attentions; in an expression of love and respect that makes the ideal clear and dominant in the home. A home without that sentiment which has its roots in an ideal conception of persons and relations is like a lamp in which no light shines.

In the light of idealism alone is the deepest and most fruitful friendship possible. It is sometimes said that love is blind. There never was a more misleading statement; people who love are often blind, not because they love, but because their perceptions lack quickness and keenness. Love is far-sighted and deep-sighted. It is not blind to faults, but it sees them in relation to motive, purpose, and spirit, and overlooks them for the sake of the qualities which they partially obscure but which they do not destroy. Love sees the possibilities of growth as well as the actualities of present achievement, and waits patiently for the fulfillment of its hopes. In like manner friendship idealizes the friend, sees him in the light of his aim, his intention, his possibilities of growth. It is long-suffering because it refuses to see the fault of the moment, the mistake of the hour, the offense of the day, apart from the character of the man and the general tendency of his life. It is often

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a far better judge than the purely critical sense, because it sees deeper into the man and estimates the importance of the particular act in relation to his growth. The purely matter-of-fact critic never gets behind or below the obvious fact; he never penetrates to the intention, the governing purpose. A man's ideal counts for as much as his achievement in the final summing up of his character. The idealist in this sense is the only man who is capable of the highest and most loyal friendship and the only sound judge of other men.

❀

The Spectator

At one of the oldest and most dignified of the metropolitan clubs several gentlemen were chatting together the other evening, and an amusing story was told of a professor of mathematics in one of the large colleges who went into the wrong house by mistake, and was landed in a station-house for his error. He was not a resident of New York, so the cross streets leading from Fifth Avenue looked much alike to him. He turned into the next street to the one in which he lodged, and, going to the number that corresponded to his own, inserted the latch-key, and the door opened; he went upstairs to what he presumed was his own room, and concluded to take a nap previous to dressing for dinner. He was sound asleep in a few minutes; then the door opened, and two women entered, to find a white-haired gentleman, in his shirt-sleeves, gently snoring on the sofa. There were screams, and the mild professor awoke in much bewilderment. He did not know what to make of the commotion, but quickly became indignant at this intrusion upon his privacy. He could not explain, because he had not the faintest notion that he was in the wrong house, not to mention the wrong street. He was all for his rights, and demanded the landlady. There was no landlady, as he had entered a private house, of which one of the women who disturbed his nap was the mistress. Before the police had arrived he found that he was in the wrong house, and discovered why. But he was too flustered by the excitement of the women to be lucid in his explanations, so he was marched off to the station-house, where he was detained several hours before being rescued by his friends. An investigation showed how blameless the professor had been, but the magistrate before discharging him the next morning could not refrain from exercising his cheap wit while admonishing this elderly scholar that he should be more careful in the future. Of course the newspapers reported the case, and the "yellows" did all their scare-headline best to make a sensation of this little happening. In the college town where the professor lived everybody was acquainted with his habits of preoccupation, so the wonder was, there, that in a city such as the metropolis he ever managed to find himself in his own rightful room. The undergraduates made much of the occurrence, however, and even had a song to greet him when he got back to his bachelor home, and they celebrated with all their lungs how "Uncle Billy" in a trance went to sleep in a strange lady's bower. This was fun for the young fellows, but it was bitter for the old gentleman, who did not in the least see how fun and affection could combine to manifest itself in such a ribald song. Fortunately, he soon forgot his mortification in his work—the most absorbing, the Spectator believes, that is known to man.

❀

This little story led to confessions from members of the party, spurred on by the questions of a journalist who writes leaders for one of the great dailies. "Oh, every man gets in 'quad' some time or another; we can't escape forever." "Which means," was the rejoinder from one of the party, "that you have been there yourself." "Yes; I was apprehended once on the charge of housebreaking and burglary. I had been to dinner, when I was a young fellow, with a man of distinction who lived in Thirty-second Street. I left at ten o'clock to go downtown and take my place in the mill. As I passed a house a little way from where I had been dining, I noticed the servants at the door in much excitement. One of the maids in a scared little voice was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

yelling, 'Police! police!' 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'There are robbers in the house.' I looked up and down the quiet street, but there was no policeman in sight. 'Why don't you ring the messenger-call for a policeman? Have you a messenger-call?' 'Yes, but the burglars are in the room where it is.' I did not believe for a moment that there were any burglars, so I volunteered to ring the call if some one would show me how to find it. A maid took me half-way up the stairs and said it was in the back room. I went into the room, which was brightly enough lighted, and rang the call. Then I started leisurely down the stairs. Before I had reached the lower hall a policeman had arrived, and the servants, pointing to me, yelled, 'There he is! there he is!' So, before I could say 'Jack Robinson,' I was seized by the policeman, and found myself with handcuffs on. Here was a nice mess! The servants were so crazy with excitement that they seemed to have forgotten why or when I had gone upstairs, and the master and mistress of the house were away at the opera. The policeman was none too gentle with me, and utterly refused my request that I be permitted to hire a cab to take me to the place of incarceration. 'Oh, I don't take no stock in you gentlemen burglars,' he said, and emphasized this expression of opinion with a rather rough jerk of the arm. At the station I was asked to give my name and address. 'There is no use in that,' I said; 'this is all a foolish mistake.' I had a perfect horror of the publicity that would follow. If I ever hated my own trade, it was at that moment. 'See here, Sergeant,' I said to the man at the desk, 'do men go burgling in their evening clothes?' 'Oh, they are up to all kinds of tricks these days. Here, young fellow'—looking at me very sternly—'give me your name and address, so that I can put it in the blotter.' So I gave him the name of Richard Roe, of Hoboken. Then I asked him if he knew General So-and-So, of such and such a number on West Thirty-second Street. Of course he knew him, as the General had just retired from the Secretaryship of the Treasury. Then I told my story. The sergeant was a sensible man and believed me. He permitted me to write to the General, who, not having gone to bed, hurried to the station and verified what I had said. Moreover, he gave bail for me. But I appeared on the record as Richard Roe. The next morning I was discharged, and the master of the house came to the court to apologize for the treatment I had received at the hands of his servants. It never got into the papers, as I was not of enough importance to make it worth while. Had I been, the story surely would have been printed, for the General told it right and left. And so long as he lived his usual greeting to me was, 'Have you been in jail lately?'"

❀

"And how about you, doctor?" "I have been there three times." "Gracious, the doctor has the record!" was exclaimed. "And mine was all in one case. They wanted to put a gigantic telegraph pole in front of my house, and I resisted, first by legal process and then by force; but I was jailed all right. What is more, the telegraph pole was erected and all my resistance was wasted. I did not even establish a single principle for which I fought. I got out injunctions, I had the laborers arrested, I was arrested three times myself; but I was always the loser. No use in fighting a big corporation. You do not meet on equal ground. The corporation has everything to win and nothing to lose. Now, if the president of the telegraph company had been superintending the job, there might have been some satisfaction; but there was no fun whatever in contentions with mere laborers who had no feeling whatever except to obey the orders of their employers. I think my lawyer was the only one who made anything out of it. I thought I was always obeying his instructions, but when it was over and we had lost he told me I had taken the law very much into my own hands. That was twenty-five years ago. I am afraid that now I would let any corporation ride over me roughshod and thank it kindly if I came to no serious bodily harm, or even escaped with my life. My experience, however, has made me skeptical of both

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

personal liberty and property rights in our boasted democracy. The theory is doubtless very lovely, but the administration seems to me at once crude and harsh."

❀

"You chaps," said an Englishman who has been well known in New York for thirty years, "seem not to know what being in jail really means. I stayed in one for three weeks, and it looked very much as though I would get a long term in the State prison, or penitentiary, as they call it in Kentucky, where I had my experience. I came to this country in 1868, and before settling I concluded to travel a bit and see what America was like. One place I wanted to see beyond everything save Niagara Falls was the Mammoth Cave. So I went to Kentucky by way of Niagara. I had an idea that a little way from New York was the frontier and that I should have to protect myself from the Indians. So I bought a revolver almost as big as a cannon and strapped it round my waist. It bulged out and revealed itself to any one who chose to look. I was stopped by a man with a big brass badge in Louisville and asked what I was carrying that pistol for. I told him firmly that it was none of his business. It was not long before I learned that it was very much his business, for I was in jail on the charge of carrying in concealment a deadly weapon. Moreover, I learned that I had committed a felony. I knew not a soul nearer than New York, and no one here at all well. I was taken before a magistrate and held for the Grand Jury; the Grand Jury indicted me. I sent for the British Consul. He was not in town. My case seemed hopeless, and I had about decided to take my medicine and say nothing to anybody about it, particularly concealing it from my people at home. Two days before I was to stand trial a lovely little man was passing through the jail. He proved to be the Unitarian clergyman of the town. He noticed my forlorn appearance and spoke to me. I used to think at home that Unitarians and other Dissenters were hardly gentlemen. But if there ever was a gentleman, this little man was one to his very finger-tips. It was easy to tell him my story, and he comprehended and sympathized at once. The upshot was that he saw the State's counsel, who had the indictment dismissed, and I was set free. I shall remember that little man as long as I live. But I never saw the Mammoth Cave. It seems there was at that time some kind of a thieving gang of cut-throats in Kentucky called Ku-Klux, and in the effort to suppress this gang the law against concealed weapons was being rigidly enforced. But, bless you! my pistol was not concealed. All any one had to do was to look at me and see the pistol, else how the deuce did that stupid old bobby happen to see it? I fancy newcomers to this country are not as green as they were in my day—but I was as green as grass and as innocent as a girl baby."

❀

"Well, Dick, did the minions of the law ever gather you in?" was asked of the giant of the party, a man whose athletic prowess, gained twenty years before at college, was still something to admire, though he no longer did anything more exciting than golf. "I have had my experience. Just one. And I do not want any more. One night about fifteen years ago I was going home, and I saw a policeman near Twenty-third Street and Broadway clubbing a young fellow who seemed to be drunk. 'Here,' I said to the officer, 'what's the use of beating that fellow? You can take him easy enough.' 'You go about your business or you'll get into trouble yourself.' 'This is my business,' I said; 'you have no right to kill this lad because he's drunk.' 'Oh, haven't I?" he said, dropping the prisoner, who fell to the pavement, and rushing at me with his nightstick. I parried the blow and with my other hand caught the wrist of his right hand. He was powerless, and I was going to plead with him to be reasonable. Just then I felt a blow on the head, and I knew nothing more for two hours, when I came to and found myself in a cell. Another policeman, coming up and thinking that I was fighting with his colleague, struck me over the head with his club from behind. In the morning I learned that I was arrested on a charge of attempt to rescue a prisoner.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I was covered with blood and dirt, and when I was taken to the court I was as disreputable-looking as any of the outcasts present. One of the assistants to the District Attorney had been at Harvard with me, and I managed to get him to court before my case came up. My case was postponed and I was paroled. We managed to break that policeman and have the fellow who smashed me fined thirty days' pay. But that was small satisfaction. The lesson of my arrest that is painful is that I am afraid, in case I saw another such brutal outrage, I should not remonstrate, but consider that it was none of my business. You see some of my ideals were knocked out of me."

❀

Two more of the gentlemen present confessed to having been under arrest under misapprehension. After their stories were related the newspaper of the day was produced, and a telegram from Pittsburg was read. It told how one of the wealthiest and best-known men among the ironmasters of that town had been arrested while entering his own house at three in the morning and thrown into a cell, where he occupied himself till court time in killing cockroaches. It was the general consensus of opinion that if a respectable millionaire ironmaster was not safe in Pittsburg, then no one is safe anywhere. Policemen are no doubt in the main very excellent men, but the exceptions to this pleasing rule appear to have a strenuous way of their own in grappling with the little problems which arise as they walk their beats at the midnight hour to see that all is well.

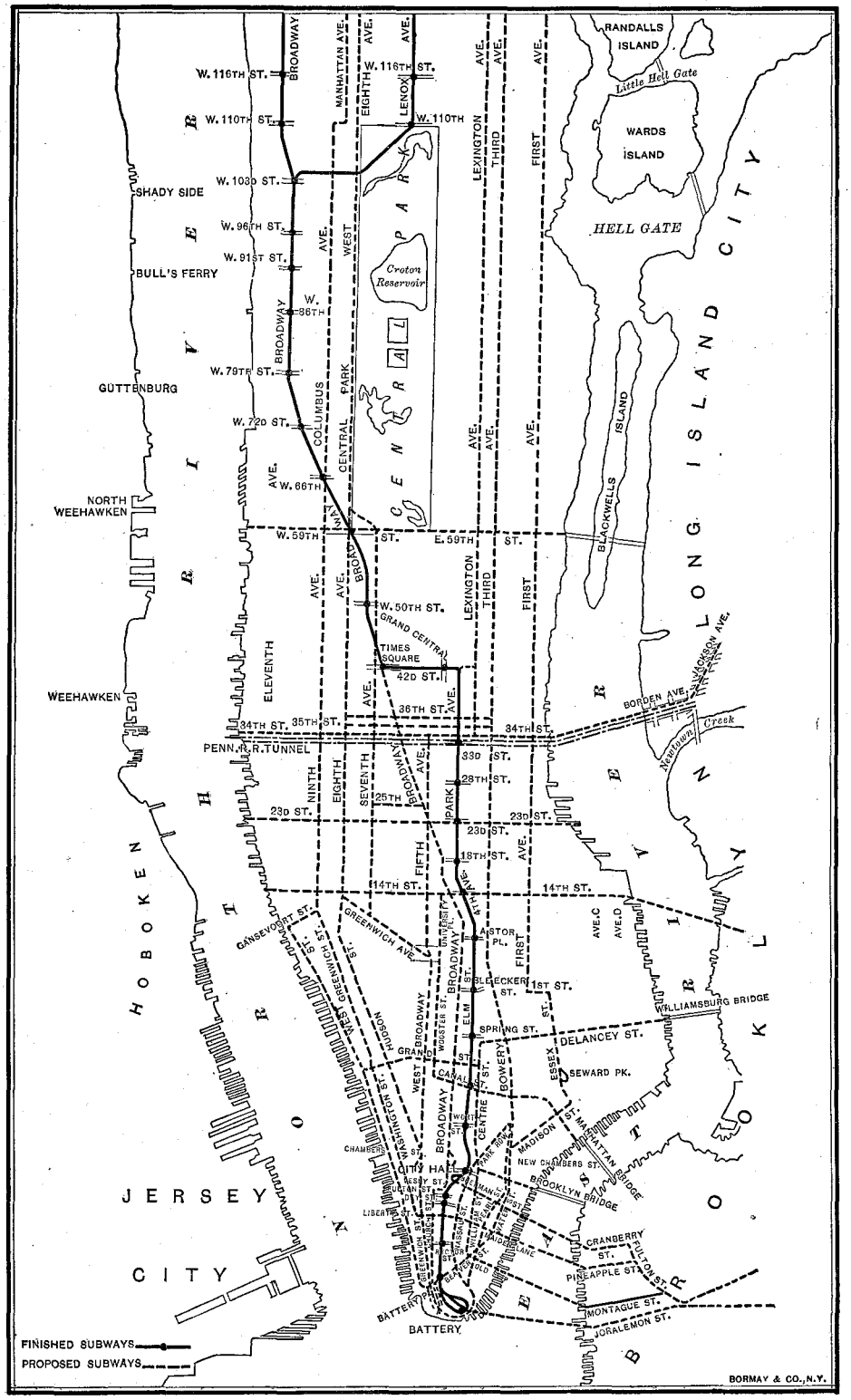
New Subways for New York City

THE New York State Rapid Transit Act of 1891, as variously amended, provides that in each city having over one million inhabitants there shall be a Board of Rapid Transit Commissioners. Upon its own motion this Board may proceed from time to time to determine whether it is for the interest of the city that a rapid transit railway or railways should be established therein. If the railway be found necessary, the Board establishes its route and plan of construction. With certain exceptions, the Board may locate the route over, under, or upon any street or between blocks.

Herewith we print a map of the Board's proposed rapid transit routes in the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx in New York City. They are to be (1) on First Avenue, from the Bronx to the Battery; (2) via Ninth and Columbus Avenues from the Battery to West Two Hundred and Eleventh Street, all in the Borough of Manhattan; (3) the Third Avenue route through the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx to the Southern Boulevard; (4) the Seventh Avenue route; (5) the Lexington Avenue route; (6) the Fifty-ninth Street and Thirty-fourth Street cross-town routes; (7) the Twenty-third Street route; (8) the Fourteenth Street route; (9) the Williamsburg Bridge and (10) East River Tunnel routes in the Boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn; (11) the Fourth Avenue, (12) Eastern Parkway, and (13) Jamaica Avenue routes in the Borough of Brooklyn, and, in the Borough of the Bronx, (14) the Kingsbridge - Van Cortlandt Park; (15) Jerome Avenue; (16) Woodlawn Cemetery; (17) Girard Avenue; (18) West Farms; and (19) Westchester routes. Connected with most of these routes there are a number of spurs and subsidiary subways.

The Board of Estimate and Apportionment has now consented to the building of these routes. Each separate route also requires the Mayor's signature and the consent of half the abutting property-owners. As the property-owners' consent is not always easy to obtain, the Rapid Transit Act provides that the courts may be applied to for the purpose of appointing a Commission to determine and report whether the subway ought to be constructed. The report, if in favor of construction, is, when confirmed by the court, taken in lieu of the property-

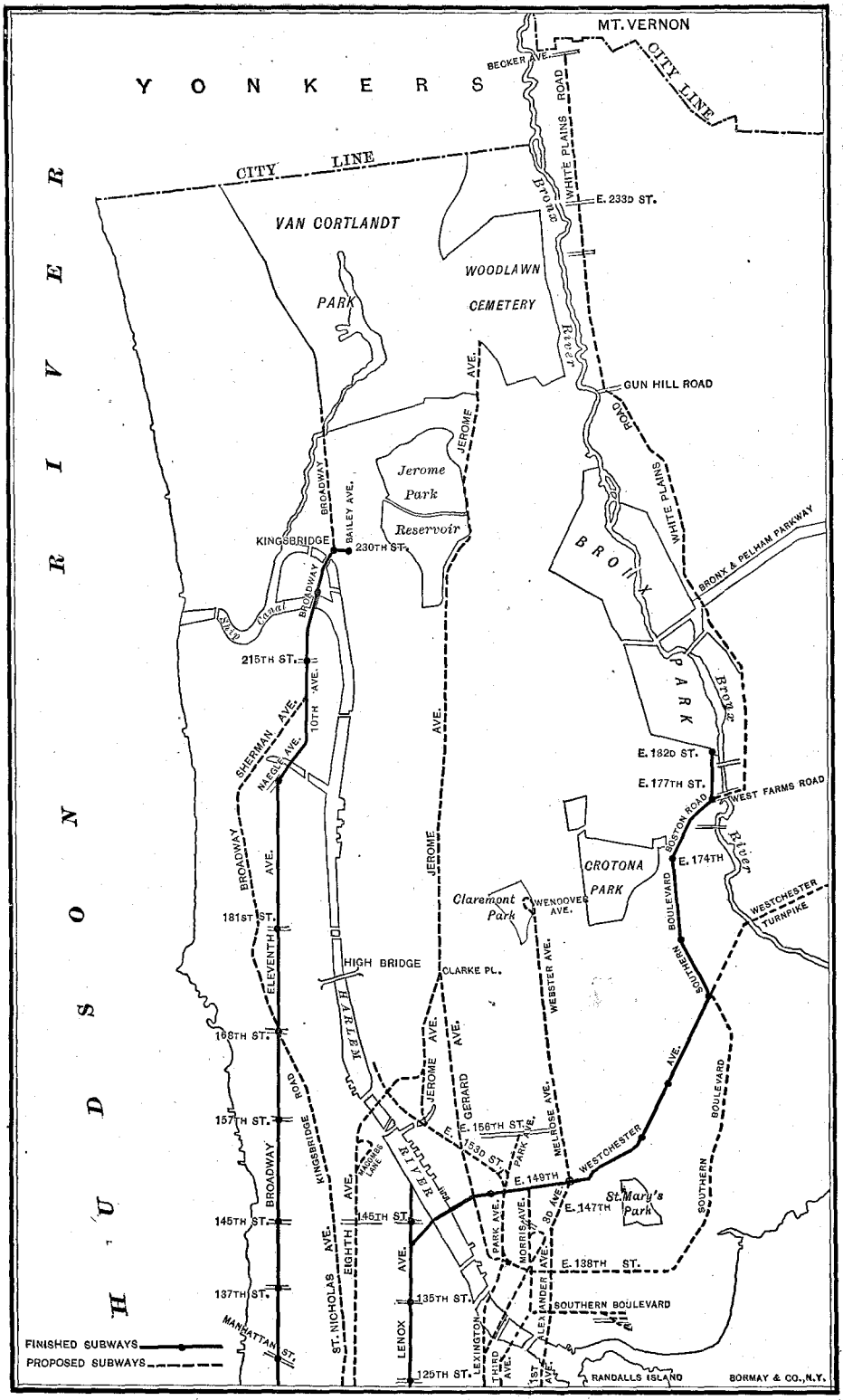
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



NEW YORK'S SUBWAY SYSTEM

From the Battery to 125th Street

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



NEW YORK'S SUBWAY SYSTEM

From 125th Street to the City Line

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

owners' consent. The Rapid Transit Board then drafts contracts to be referred to the Board of Estimate for approval. This obtained, the Rapid Transit Board advertises and lets the contracts at public bidding.

The terms of contract provide for the construction of the subway under the Board's supervision; require the successful bidder to deposit a sufficient amount to constitute a guarantee of compliance with the terms of the contract; require the road's construction to be begun within a specified time and to be finished within a certain time thereafter; and name the amount of capital of the bidding corporation, the number of its authorized shares of stock, and the rate of fares to be charged—but the rate of fare for any passenger on the same northward or southward line within New York City is not to exceed five cents. All franchises are granted for a definite term of years. In the contracts for the new subways these provisions will be insisted on, of course, and even more advantageous terms for the city will probably be obtained. From time to time, the Board of Estimate, on requisition made by the Rapid Transit Board, appropriates such sums as may be needful to enable the latter to perform its prescribed duties.

When a contract has been made by the Rapid Transit Board, it may acquire by conveyance or condemnation any necessary real estate or rights for the purpose of constructing or operating the railway. Such property is deemed to be required for a public purpose. Commissioners of appraisal are appointed to ascertain the compensation to be made to the owners of property so taken or extinguished. The city is liable to the respective owners for the values thereof.

For the building of the present subway the necessary money was raised and paid out of the proceeds of bonds issued and sold at three and one-half per cent. interest. These bonds provide for the payment of both principal and interest in gold coin, and are free from all taxation for city and county purposes. They are payable at maturity out of the sinking fund for the payment of the city debt. The amount of bonds may not exceed the limit prescribed by the Board of Estimate or other similar local authority.

While the New York City Board of Estimate has officially approved the new routes for the metropolis, it is prevented from present further action. It is awaiting the decision of the courts concerning the constitutionality of the new law by which the franchise-granting power was transferred to it from the Board of Aldermen. If a favorable decision is reached, New York City residents may, we think, reasonably indulge the hope of having at least two of the nineteen lines in operation within five years from the signing of the contract, within four years indeed, if the open-cut system of building be allowed in the outlying districts. Many expect that the two routes to be first built will be those by Third or Lexington Avenues and by Seventh or Eighth Avenues, because their operation would seem to promise the greatest immediate profit; but the Rapid Transit Board has not as yet announced its decision in the matter.

The question of the terms of the new contracts now arises. When the present subway in New York City was proposed, there was widespread doubt, first, as to the feasibility of its construction, and, second, as to any very large profits resulting from its operation. So grave was this doubt that, in order to enlist the co-operation even of the most daring promoters, it was necessary for the city to give its credit to obtain the requisite funds. Those funds, principal and interest, are to be returned to the city. The road will be the city's property at the end of fifty years. Unless we are much mistaken, the proven feasibility of construction and the splendid financial success already assured show that, in the construction of future similar subways by private bidders, the granting of the city's credit may now be eliminated except as that credit may still be necessary for a few of the less profitable routes. Not only may we expect most of the nineteen new subways to be ultimately the city's property without having cost the city a cent; we may also expect that the necessary bonds will be issued by private capitalists, so that the city itself will be free to use its credit in other directions.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Children of the Night[1]

By Theodore Roosevelt

President of the United States

THE "twilight of the poets" has been especially gray in America; for poetry is of course one of those arts in which the smallest amount of work of the very highest class is worth an infinity of good work that is not of the highest class. The touch of the purple makes a poem out of verse, and if it is not there, there is no substitute. It is hard to account for the failure to produce in America of recent years a poet who in the world of letters will rank as high as certain American sculptors and painters rank in the world of art.

But individual poems appear from time to time, by Mr. Madison Cawein, by Mr. Clinton Scollard, by Dr. Maurice Egan, and others; and more rarely a little volume of poetry appears, like Bliss Carman's "Ballads of Lost Haven." Such a book is Edward Arlington Robinson's "The Children of the Night."

It is rather curious that Mr. Robinson's volume should not have attracted more attention. There is an undoubted touch of genius in the poems collected in this volume, and a curious simplicity and good faith, all of which qualities differentiate them sharply from ordinary collections of the kind. There is in them just a little of the light that never was on land or sea, and in such light the objects described often have nebulous outlines; but it is not always necessary in order to enjoy a poem that one should be able to translate it into terms of mathematical accuracy. Indeed, those who admire the coloring of Turner, those who like to read how—and to wonder why—Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came, do not wish always to have the ideas presented to them with cold, hard, definite outlines; and to a man with the poetic temperament it is inevitable that life should often appear clothed with a certain sad mysticism. In the present volume I am not sure that I understand "Luke Havergal;" but I am entirely sure that I like it.

Whoever has lived in country America knows the gray, empty houses from which life has gone. It is of one of these that "The House on the Hill" was written.

"They are all gone away,
The House is shut and still,
There is nothing more to say.

Through broken walls and gray
The winds blow bleak and shrill:
They are all gone away.

Nor is there one to-day
To speak them good or ill:
There is nothing more to say.

Why is it then we stray
Around that sunken sill?
They are all gone away,

And our poor fancy-play
For them is wasted skill:
There is nothing more to say.

There is ruin and decay
In the House on the Hill:
They are all gone away,
There is nothing more to say."

The next poem, "Richard Cory," illustrates a very ancient but very profound philosophy of life with a curiously local touch which points its keen insight. Those who feel poetry in their marrow and fiber are the spiritual heirs of the ages; and so it is natural that this man from Maine, many of whose poems could have been written only by one to whom the most real of lives is the life of the American small town, should write his "Ballade of Broken Flutes"—where "A lonely surge of ancient spray told of an unforgetful sea;"—should write the poem beginning:

"Since Persia fell at Marathon,
The yellow years have gathered fast:
Long centuries have come and gone;"

and the very original sonnet on Amaryllis, the last three lines of which are:

"But though the trumpets of the world were glad,

[1] *The Children of the Night.* By Edward Arlington Robinson. Richard G. Badger & Co., Boston.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It made me lonely and it made me sad
To think that Amaryllis had grown old."

Some of his images stay fixed in one's mind, as in "The Pity of the Leaves," the lines running:

"The brown, thin leaves that on the stones outside
Skipped with a freezing whisper."

Sometimes he writes, as in "The Tavern," of what most of us feel we have seen; and then again of what we have seen only with the soul's eyes.

I shall close by quoting entire his poem on "The Wilderness," which could have been written only by a man into whose heart there had entered deep the very spirit of the vast and melancholy northern forests:

"Come away! come away! there's a frost along the marshes,
And a frozen wind that skims the shoal where it shakes the dead black water;
There's a moan across the lowland and a wailing through the woodland
Of a dirge that sings to send us back to the arms of those that love us.
There is nothing left but ashes now where the crimson chills of autumn
Put off the summer's languor with a touch that made us glad
For the glory that is gone from us, with a flight we cannot follow,
To the slopes of other valleys and the sounds of other shores.

Come away! come away! you can hear them calling, calling,
Calling us to come to them, and roam no more.
Over there beyond the ridges and the land that lies between us,
There's an old song calling us to come!

Come away! come away! for the scenes we leave behind us
Are barren for the lights of home and a flame that's young forever;
And the lonely trees around us creak the warning of the night-wind,
That love and all the dreams of love are away beyond the mountains.
The songs that call for us to-night, they have called for men before us,
And the winds that blow the message, they have blown ten thousand years;
But this will end our wander-time, for we know the joy that waits us
In the strangeness of home-coming, and a faithful woman's eyes.

Come away! come away! there is nothing now to cheer us—
Nothing now to comfort us, but love's road home:—
Over there beyond the darkness there's a window gleams to greet us,
And a warm hearth waits for us within.

Come away! come away!—or the roving fiend will hold us,
And make us all to dwell with him to the end of human faring:
There are no men yet can leave him when his hands are clutched upon them,
There are none will own his enmity, there are none will call him brother.
So we'll be up and on the way, and the less we brag the better
For the freedom that God gave us and the dread we do not know:—
The frost that skips the willow-leaf will again be back to blight it,
And the doom we cannot fly from is the doom we do not see.

Come away! come away! there are dead men all around us—
Frozen men that mock us with a wild, hard laugh
That shrieks and sinks and whimpers in the shrill November rushes,
And the long full wind on the lake."

Mr. Robinson has written in this little volume not verse but poetry. Whether he has the power of sustained flight remains to be seen.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Admiral Togo[1]

By George Kennan

Special Correspondent of The Outlook in the Far East

JAPAN has given the world many surprises since she entered upon her "era of enlightenment" and began to adopt the methods and appliances of Western civilization; but it may well be doubted whether, in all the long list of her achievements and triumphs, anything is more extraordinary and astonishing than her rapid creation of a navy and her wonderful exhibition of fighting capacity in the field of naval warfare. If, twenty years ago, Captain Mahan had ventured to predict that an Asiatic people—a people almost universally regarded as semi-barbarous—would shortly have a navy of the first rank, would completely crush the sea power of one of the greatest States in Europe, and would produce a naval commander worthy to take rank with Nelson, his prediction would have been regarded as too wild and absurd for discussion. People would have said, "Preposterous! The Chinese and Japanese, only thirty years ago, were going to war in high-sterned wooden junks propelled by sails. How are they going to create a modern navy, learn the art of naval warfare, and produce a commander like Nelson, in a single generation? The most gifted and civilized nation in Europe could not do it. It's a long step from gongs, firecrackers, and wooden junks to high-powered guns and armored battle-ships; and as for a commander worthy to take rank with Nelson—you might as well look to Asia for a yellow-skinned Napoleon!"

Such a judgment as this in 1885 would have been regarded as reasonable and conclusive by nine Americans out of ten; and yet, at that very time, the Japanese navy was in process of creation; Japanese naval officers were learning in England and Germany how to make high-powered guns; and the Asiatic Nelson, after seven years of training in Great Britain, was serving as a lieutenant in the Japanese cruiser Asama. How quickly the Asiatic islanders assimilated the knowledge that the Occident could give them, and how thoroughly and effectively they put it into practice, we may see from a brief review of the results of the present war. Since the 1st of February, 1904, the newly created navy of this small Asiatic empire, with some cooperation from the army at Port Arthur, has sunk or captured sixty-five Russian vessels, including fourteen battle-ships of the first class, twelve armored or protected cruisers, four auxiliary cruisers, three coast-defense ironclads, eleven gunboats, and twenty-one torpedo-boats and destroyers. It has also killed or captured eleven Russian admirals, and has taken as prisoners about ten thousand men of the naval rank and file. It has not suffered a single defeat, and although twelve of its vessels have been destroyed by accidental collisions and percussion mines, it has not lost, in action, a single ship larger than a torpedo-boat, and it is probably stronger and more efficient now than it was a year ago. Such a record as this is not only extraordinary, but absolutely unparalleled; and when we consider the fact that these results have been attained, not by accident or luck, but by organization, practice, good judgment, and consummate skill, we must give Japan credit for producing not only good seamen and gunners, but naval commanders worthy to take rank with the first in the world.

Among the men who have been identified with the Japanese navy from the very beginning, who have been most active in its training, and who have contributed most to its efficiency, is the distinguished admiral whose name stands at the head of this article. Other officers, perhaps, have had more influence in shaping the maritime policy of Japan, in creating her fleet, and in perfecting her naval organization; but Togo, Kamimura, Uriu, Kataoka, Shimamura, and Dewa have given to the men of the navy

[1] Copyright, 1905, the Outlook Company, New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the training that has made them so efficient, and Togo has directed the operations that have finally resulted in the destruction of the Baltic fleet and the almost complete annihilation of Russia's sea power.

In view of the extraordinary achievements that have marked his career, and the influence of his latest victory in determining the future of the Far East, one naturally inquires, "Who is Togo? From what stock does he come? Where and how was he educated, and what were the influences that formed his character and made him the great naval commander that he is?" Materials for a full and satisfactory biography of Admiral Togo do not exist—or, at least, have not been collected—but it is my purpose to bring together in this article such facts as I have been able to learn, and to describe the personal impression that the Admiral made upon me when I saw him first, on his flag-ship the Mikasa, off the coast of southern Manchuria in the summer of 1904.

At the time of Togo's birth the Empire of Japan had, nominally, two rulers, viz., the Mikado and the Shogun. Although the former was theoretically the head of the nation, the whole power of the State was practically in the hands of the Shogun, or generalissimo of the forces, who acted in the Mikado's name, but, as a rule, without any regard to the latter's wishes. The organization of society was feudal in form, and the ruling classes were divided into great clans, each of which took the name of the province that it occupied. The feudal lords at the head of these clans were called "daimyos," and every daimyo had a standing force of armed retainers known as "samurai," who assisted him in the government of his province, fought for him when necessary, and looked to him for equipment and maintenance. The daimyos and their retainers were supported by the peasant farmers, who had no political rights and who were virtually serfs. Among the most warlike and powerful of the clans that rendered allegiance to the Shoguns of the Tokugawa family, in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, was the clan of Satsuma, which inhabited a comparatively small mountainous promontory at the southern end of the island of Kyushiu, fifty or sixty miles from the city of Nagasaki.

Heihachiro Togo, the subject of the present sketch, was born at Kagoshima, in the province of Satsuma, on the 22d of December, 1847, five years and a half before Commodore Perry anchored off Yokohama and invited the Shogun to enter into commercial relations with the United States. His father, Kichizaemon Togo, was a trusted samurai in the service of Prince Shimadzu, the feudal lord of Satsuma; and his mother, who is said to have been an educated woman of character and much ability, was a descendant of Kiyomori, the head of the great feudal house of Taira. Inasmuch as Kichizaemon Togo, the father, was local governor of the district in which he lived, and received a yearly allowance of five hundred bushels of rice from his feudal lord, the family had a good social position, and, according to the standard of that time, was well-to-do.

With regard to the early boyhood of Heihachiro Togo little is known. Until he was twelve years of age he seems to have had no instruction other than that which his mother could give him; but in 1859 or 1860 he became a pupil of a very distinguished samurai of Satsuma, who is known in Japanese history as Takemori Saigo. Although Saigo was a conservative Japanese, and was bitterly opposed to the admission of foreigners and the adoption of Western civilization, he seems to have been a sincere patriot and a man of pure and upright character; and he exercised, throughout his life, a strong influence upon the whole Togo family. In the period of disorder that preceded the abolition of the Shogunate and the restoration of the Mikado, he fought on the Imperial side, and eventually became commander-in-chief of the Emperor's armies; but when, in 1877, it became apparent that the Mikado's Government intended to pursue a Europeanizing policy, Saigo broke off relations with his colleagues and headed the clansmen of Satsuma in a vigorous protest, which eventually took the form of armed resistance, and culminated in the civil war known as the "Satsuma

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rebellion." After a fierce and sanguinary struggle of eight or nine months, the rebels were defeated in a decisive battle, on the 27th of September, 1877, and the town of Kagoshima was destroyed by fire. Two of Admiral Togo's brothers and five hundred of their clansmen were killed in the fighting, and Saigo himself, seeing that all was lost, committed suicide in a cave just back of the town. Such were the character and the career of Admiral Togo's first teacher.

For a period of about four years—1859 to 1862—young Togo studied, under the direction of Saigo, all the branches of knowledge and all the accomplishments which were taught in Japan at that time; viz., ideographic penmanship, the Chinese classics, fencing, jiu-jitsu wrestling, and military exercises with sword, halberd, and gun. Friends of the family, who remember him as a boy, say that he was a diligent student, and that among the boisterous and turbulent youth of Satsuma he was distinguished for modesty and quiet seriousness of demeanor; but no one who knew him gave him credit for anything more than ordinary ability. Saigo's strong personality doubtless made a deep and permanent impression upon his character, and among the precepts of the teacher that are still remembered, and that seem to have influenced the pupil throughout his career, are the following: "Where you see faults, take the blame of them yourself; where there is merit, attribute it to others. Act resolutely, and the very gods and devils shall flee before you." In Togo's official report of the battle of the Japan Sea there is hardly a reference to his own personal action or management, and when I once asked the captain of the Japanese battle-ship Asahi what was the Admiral's distinguishing characteristic, he replied, in Russian, "On ochen reshitelni" (He is very resolute).

Among Togo's youthful friends and associates at Kagoshima was another Satsuma boy, who was also a pupil of Saigo, and who has since become known to the world as General Kuroki, the commander of Marshal Oyama's First Army. Togo and Kuroki studied together and played together for a period of about four years, and then, leaving their teacher Saigo, they both entered upon a military career, Togo as naval apprentice on one of Prince Shimadzu's war-ships, and Kuroki as a samurai cadet in the Prince's land force.

Togo was destined to see active service very early in life. On the 14th of September, 1862, after Yokohama had been made an open port and foreigners had settled there, Prince Shimadzu, the daimyo of Satsuma, happened to be traveling in state, with a large armed retinue, along the Tokaido—the imperial highway which connects Tokyo with Kyoto. A short distance from Yokohama, near the post-station of Kanagawa, a small party of English residents, including one lady, got in the way of the procession by which the daimyo was attended. The retainers of the Prince, regarding the behavior of the Englishmen as disrespectful to their lord, drew their swords and attacked the party with great ferocity, and in the affray that followed, C. L. Richardson was killed. The British Government at once demanded reparation and indemnity. The daimyo of Satsuma replied defiantly that Richardson and his associates, "having been guilty of rudeness, had been punished in accordance with the laws of the Empire, and that, as for his country, no indemnity would be paid by it." Failing to get satisfaction, the British Government finally sent Admiral Kuper, with seven war-ships, to punish Prince Shimadzu for his contumacy; and on the 15th of August, 1863, the fleet bombarded Kagoshima, where Togo, then a lad of seventeen, was serving in one of the forts. The fight that ensued is described by a contemporary Japanese historian as follows:

"On the morning of the 15th of August, when the men-of-war advanced, the Satsuma clansmen could not restrain their ardor and impatience. The rain and wind were very violent this day, which they looked upon as a special favor from heaven, and joyfully therefore they fired several shots from the batteries which lined the shore. The barbarian vessels fired several shots and engaged. The combat lasted the whole day, and the Shinsei kuan was burnt by the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shells fired from the barbarian ships. Although the Satsuma clan thus lost many killed and wounded, the ships were terribly knocked about by their fire, and two persons, called Captain Josling and Commander Wilmot, were killed. Besides these, the enemy lost more than sixty killed and wounded. The Satsuma clan became more and more enthusiastic. All the intrepid samurai of the province hastened to the spot, and exhausted their efforts in pouring forth an unceasing fire. The noise of the cannon re-echoed among the hills and valleys, and the sea seemed to boil over. The land and the sea strove together like a couple of bulls, until the robber vessels, unable to endure it any longer, were entirely defeated, and fled in disorder to the ocean."

Whether Midshipman Togo distinguished himself in this engagement or not, the historian fails to state; but it is fair to presume that he fought with courage and intelligence, as a good samurai should. The gun-practice and the tactics of the British ships probably made a strong impression upon him, and it is not at all unlikely that his resolution to go to England, for the purpose of studying naval science, was formed at this time and as a result of this experience. So far as I can learn, he had no other opportunity of seeing British war-ships in action.

Between 1863 and 1869 Togo seems to have served as a midshipman on one of the Satsuma war-ships; but with regard to this part of his life very little is known. In the struggle for supremacy between the Shogun and the Mikado the clan of Satsuma took the side of the latter, and Togo's ship, the Kasuga, participated in a number of engagements with the Shogun's fleet. In a fierce naval battle off Hakodate, in 1869, one of the Imperial ships—the Taibo—was so cut up by the enemy's fire that she withdrew from the fighting line. Togo, then a young officer of twenty-two, was so filled with indignation at the sight of the Taibo's retreat that he shook his fist at the withdrawing vessel and shouted "in a voice of thunder," "O you coward!" His brother officers still remember this denunciation, and often refer to it as "Togo's thundering against the ship."

In August, 1869, when the civil war ended and peace was restored under the rule of the Mikado, Togo returned to Tokyo. His determination to complete his naval education in England had by this time become stronger than ever, and at the first opportunity he went to Yokohama to live, and began there the study of the English language. He had to content himself at first with such help as he could get from the British soldiers who guarded the foreign concession; but he finally made the acquaintance of a teacher named Wackman, or Wakeman, who gave him regular instruction. Meanwhile he asked the Government repeatedly to send him as a naval student to Great Britain, and finally begged the intercession and assistance of Okubo, the Minister of Home Affairs, who was a Satsuma man and who might be expected to take some interest in an ambitious student of his own clan. So anxious did Togo feel with regard to the outcome of his application that, according to his fellow-students, he even consulted a Japanese fortune-teller.

In March, 1871, the Government finally decided to send twelve young men to Great Britain to study naval science, and among them were Heihachiro Togo, now commander-in-chief of the Japanese navy, and Tosuke Harada, the present superintendent of the Japanese naval arsenal. Togo was then a little more than twenty-three years of age. Before they embarked for Southampton the students decided to put on European dress, but as there were few European shops in Yokohama at that time, the young men had to wear such clothes as they could pick up, and it is said that when they went on board the steamer in ill-fitting, slop-chest coats and trousers, and worn, second-hand boots, they presented a laughable if not ridiculous appearance.

With regard to Togo's life in England there is, again, an almost complete lack of information. All we definitely know is that, after an unsuccessful attempt to get admission to the Thames Naval Academy, he became a cadet on the training-ship Worcester, at Plymouth. That

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vessel is still in commission, and on the occasion of the presentation of the annual prizes to the boys of her crew by the Prince of Wales last year, Captain Henderson Smith, who commanded her thirty years ago, happened to be present. Speaking of the Japanese admiral, he said:

"Togo was an excellent fellow. He was not what you would call brilliant, but a great plodder, slow to learn, but very sure when he had learnt; and he wanted to learn everything! He was a quiet, good-tempered young fellow, and as brave as a lion. You know what English boys are; they used to tease him unmercifully and call him 'Johnny Chinaman.' When he got tired of that, he would quietly put his books on one side and say, 'No, I am not a Chinaman, and I will break the bones of any one who says so again.' Then he would raise his arm, and my youngsters would bolt. They knew how strong he was, and did not tease him beyond endurance. He was one of the best sailors the Worcester has ever turned out, and I need not say that I am proud to have trained the greatest admiral in the Far East."

Togo must have made satisfactory progress in his studies, for his Government, on receipt of his first year's record, appointed him sub-lieutenant in the Imperial navy. It is a noteworthy fact that none of the people who knew Togo in the earlier part of his life gave him credit for talent or for exceptional ability of any kind. His fellow-townsmen in Kagoshima described him merely as a modest, diligent student; Wakeman, his English teacher in Yokohama, said that he was "a quiet, honest student, but would never make any mark;" and Captain Smith, of the training-ship Worcester, could find nothing better to say of him than that he was "a great plodder, slow to learn, but very sure when he had learnt." The judgment of his contemporaries was doubtless accurate, so far as it went, but it failed to take fully into account that backbone of manhood—character; and in the serious business of life character is often, if not always, more important than intellectual brilliancy alone.

When Togo returned to Japan, on the newly built Japanese cruiser Hiyei, in May, 1878, he was a man thirty years of age, and the outlines of his character had taken definite and final shape. He was modest, brave, thoughtful, painstaking, and resolute, and he knew as much of naval science, in theory and in practice, as Great Britain could teach him. Although he rose steadily in his profession after his return from England, he did not reach the rank of captain until 1890, when he was appointed to command the Amagi. Two or three years later he was transferred to the Naniwo, a larger and more powerful vessel, and in her he made a voyage to the Sandwich Islands. At the outbreak of the Japan-China war, in 1894, he was already forty-seven years of age; but his name was wholly unknown abroad, and his career had attracted little attention at home. He had discharged faithfully all the duties assigned to him, and he was regarded in naval circles as a prudent and capable officer; but the people of Japan, in general, knew as little about him as the people of the United States knew about U. S. Grant at the beginning of the American civil war. The act that gave him a national reputation was the sinking of the Chinese transport Kowshing. On the 25th of July, 1894, the cruiser Naniwo, under Togo's command, overhauled the transport Kowshing on her way to Korea with eleven hundred Chinese troops and fourteen guns. Stopping her by firing a blank cartridge or two, Togo sent a boat off to her, and, after examining her papers and discovering that she had a British registry, he ordered her to follow the Naniwo. Captain Galsworthy, the Englishman in command of the transport, prepared to obey this order; but the Chinese officers and soldiers overpowered him, took possession of the ship, and refused to surrender. Togo then sent a second boat, with directions to bring away the Kowshing's European officers; but as the Chinese refused to allow the latter to leave the ship, and still maintained a defiant attitude, Togo opened fire on the transport, and sunk her in about twenty minutes. Most of her European

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

officers, including the captain, were picked up by the Naniwo's boats; but all—or nearly all—of the Chinese perished. This was the first blow struck in the Japan-China war, and it made Togo's name known to the whole Japanese nation. In the subsequent fighting off the mouth of the Yalu, at Port Arthur, and at Weihaiwei, Togo greatly distinguished himself, and in February, 1895, he was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral. At the close of the war the Emperor conferred upon him the order of the Rising Sun, and shortly afterward made him commander-in-chief of the Standing Squadron.

When Japan was compelled, by the pressure of Russia, Germany, and France, to surrender all the fruits of her victory, and to withdraw from the Asiatic mainland, it became apparent to Japanese statesmen that they would soon have to fight again for the independence and integrity of Korea and China, if not for their own national existence; and they proceeded to make every possible preparation for the impending conflict. Appreciating the fact that they could not carry on military operations in Korea or Manchuria without retaining command of the sea, they devoted particular attention to their navy; and since they were not in a condition, financially, to spend as much money as Russia could spend in the construction of new ships, they decided to increase, as far as practicable, the power and efficiency of those that they had.

Who first conceived the idea of practicing incessantly with heavy guns at very long ranges, and in all conditions of sea and weather, I do not know; but it was the skill thus acquired that gave the Japanese navy its pre-eminence, and to Togo and his associates the credit is probably due. In Europe and America naval officers were then practicing at fixed targets, in smooth water, and at an average range of two thousand yards. The Japanese reasoned, very correctly, that if they could learn to hit a moving target, in all conditions of wind and weather, at a distance of four or five thousand yards, they would have a great advantage, and they began at once to practice high-angle fire at ranges varying from two and a half to five miles. An officer of the battle-ship Fuji told me that, a year ago, his gunners could strike the target almost every time at a range of four thousand meters, and, under favorable conditions, could make a good percentage of hits at twice that distance, viz., five miles. It will readily be seen that this acquired skill practically doubled the efficiency of the Japanese ships, and when the Russians came into collision with them, they (the Russians) were overwhelmed and disabled by accurate gun practice long before they themselves could get near enough to make their own fire effective. This was particularly noticeable in the Battle of the Japan Sea. Admiral Rojesvensky's most powerful ships were disabled and virtually put out of action at distances ranging from three to four miles.

The services that Togo rendered in the Japan-China campaign, and in the training and discipline of the navy afterward, made him so conspicuous a figure that, when war with Russia was decided upon, he was promoted to the rank of full Admiral, and was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the combined fleets. The record that he has since made is so well known that I need not review it.

I met Admiral Togo, for the first time, in the summer of 1904, when the Manshumaru visited the Elliott Islands, off the coast of the Liaotung peninsula, and her passengers were given a reception on board the Mikasa, the flag-ship of the Japanese fleet. He came into the ward-room, where we were assembled, and Captain Takarabe, of the Manshumaru, presented us to him with the words, "Gentlemen: Admiral Togo!" We all sprang to our feet and bowed low to a rather small, compactly built man, fifty-five or sixty years of age, dressed in a simple uniform of white duck, which bore no other insignia of rank than the ruby-hearted star of the Rising Sun. He was apparently about five feet three inches in height, weighed perhaps one hundred and forty pounds, and had an upright figure and good carriage. His well-shaped head was covered with close-cropped black hair, sprinkled a little with gray; his small mustache and rather scanty beard had also begun to turn

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gray; and the pleasant smile with which he responded to our greeting revealed small, slightly defective teeth. His personal bearing was quiet and modest, and it seemed to me that he was somewhat embarrassed by the scrutiny to which he was subjected. His face, however, like the faces of Japanese generally, gave little expression to his emotions, and even when the foreign newspaper correspondents, without preamble or permission, began taking snap-shots at him with their kodaks across the ward-room table, he showed no sign of the annoyance that he must have felt. The photographers were, for the time being, his guests, and Japanese courtesy does not permit a host to rebuke rudeness on the part of gentlemen to whom he has extended his hospitality. I doubt very much whether an American Admiral would have allowed half a dozen foreign newspaper men to photograph him in the ward-room of his own flag-ship, without even paying him respect enough to ask his permission. When Captain Takarabe presented me personally to the Admiral, the thought that he would probably class me among the men who were capable of taking such photographic liberties with him deprived me of most of my own self-possession, and I could only inquire, in a hesitating, shamefaced way, how he could maintain an effective blockade of Port Arthur at a distance of sixty miles from the mouth of the harbor. He replied pleasantly that this long-range blockade had been made possible by the invention of wireless telegraphy. "The channel," he said, "is so obstructed that it takes the Russian ships five or six hours to get out. Our scouting boats watch them night and day, and as soon as they make a move it is reported to us by wireless telegraphy. We then have plenty of time to intercept them. The last time they came out they got under way at five o'clock in the morning, but it was eleven before they had cleared a passage through the mine fields and gained the open sea. By that time we were there ready to receive them." The Admiral spoke English correctly and with a good accent, but he often hesitated for words, and it was evident that he had had little practice in the use of the English language since leaving the training-ship Worcester.

After twenty minutes of introductions and conversation, champagne was brought, and Admiral Togo drank to the health of his guests. We, officers and passengers of the Manshumaru, then drank his health, and gave him three English "hurrahs" as he retired from the ward-room.

With regard to Admiral Togo's private life little need be said. He married, in 1882 or 1883, a daughter of Viscount Kaiyeda, and he has two sons and a daughter. When he is at home he lives simply, in an unpretentious house in Tokyo, and devotes his leisure hours to hunting, fishing, and flower culture. He loves nature, hates receptions and crowds, and would rather grow chrysanthemums in his little garden than receive the thanks and plaudits of a grateful, enthusiastic, and admiring people.

In his profession Admiral Togo shows the characteristics that were noticeable in his early manhood and that have shaped his whole career; viz., great capacity for work, thoroughness in preparation, unshakable resolution, and remarkable steadiness and self-poise. Intellectually he is not a brilliant man, and as a naval strategist he is said to be surpassed by Admiral Shimamura, his chief of staff; but in soundness of judgment and firmness of purpose he takes first rank, and as commander-in-chief of a fleet in action he is probably the most capable and trustworthy man that Japan has produced.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Pagan

By H. G. Dwight

I.

I NEVER knew him myself. That is, in the ordinary way of acquaintance. It was not that I avoided him. I fancy, rather, that I would have stood to him in that relation, which is not rare in this complex world, of being more attracted to him than he to me—I might say of understanding him better than he understood me, if that did not imply too much. It is merely that my business is to understand people, whereas he had other things to think about. He was far more fiercely individual than I, who am Jesuit enough to get on with anybody. Another point, however, was that I went to Marshbury those three times only, for short periods and at long intervals. The wonder was that he made for me so complete a picture as he did. Indeed, I think I never saw any one so well through the eyes of others. But as it is, I have a curious apathy about going back. I am afraid of anticlimaxes!

Mary Bennett was my principal source of information. Every one in the village had his quota, for that matter. But as Mary was Marvin's "help," and as I boarded with Mary's mother, I approached the rose as closely as could be expected. Now that I say it, I realize how indirectly it is true—how little Mary ever told me in so many words. She was a solid young person of seventeen when I first knew her, really not bad to look at, and much better than gold, but of a—what shall I call it? Indeed, I myself was taken in at first; I used to wonder how much help the girl could be. I was slower then to see how factitious a part speech plays in the economy of life. However, when I heard of the strange being to whom Mary ministered, I prepared to be bored. I expected the conventional ogre of the country village.

How he came by it, nobody knew. He was born and brought up in the village, like his fathers before him for two hundred years. Moreover, most of them had been divines, as the phrase pleasantly goes, and had passed down the thunders of Sinai from one quaking generation to the next. He certainly had enjoyed every advantage. Heredity and environment could no more. But as for Marvin, he would none of them. It was an insoluble mystery. Mary was the first to suggest that a circumstance of his early youth might be connected with it—and a stepmother. I rather balked at that. I have my own ideas concerning stepmothers. But when I heard about this one—! Marvin had come home from school one afternoon when he was fourteen or so, it seemed, and to his astonishment had found the house empty. The only thing in it was his little trunk, neatly packed and corded, standing near the door. There was also a note, on the trunk. Reminding him that he was now a man and had a man's part to play in the world, it assured him that whom the Lord loved he chastened, urged him to gird up his loins accordingly, and concluded by announcing that, for reasons too sad and too numerous to mention, the time had come for stepmother and stepson to part. That, opined Mary, was in itself sufficient to harden a lad's heart—particularly in view of certain adventures which were known to have succeeded the abandonment. Mrs. Bennett, however, did not countenance her daughter's weakness. "Sary Marvin," contended that matron, "certainly don' her share—pore onfort'nit critter—toward bringin' up Matthew's boy." And the way he had got on in the world ought not only to have vindicated the justice of his stepmother's confidence in him, but to have convinced him beyond all shadow of doubt that the Lord *did* provide.

Be that as it might, Matthew's boy was certainly provided for. It was but another discredit, however, in the eyes of his contemporaries. To live without toil was as open an invitation to Satan as it was an unseemly example to the community. And, beyond a mere exhibition of sinful pride, it was positively a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manner of bearing false witness. For there were many and many that had more than he, and were not above earning their daily bread. To be sure, there was no infallible means of knowing just how much Matthew's boy had. He who was the opposite of his neighbors in so many respects perversely robbed the local bank of a considerable business, and kept his money in Boston—where it made no difference to anybody. And his checks were so irregular, and to such varying amounts, that the village financiers had never made up their minds whether Henry Marvin had ten thousand dollars or ten million.

But there were ways, I learned, by which you could tell. For instance, Henry, he didn't take the newspapers and magazines. And everybody that was half-way respectable subscribed to the "Marshbury Messenger." Henry didn't seem to care much about reading, except a few musty old things of his own that were better left unread, most likely. Nor did he avail himself of the other means of culture which were open to the village. He didn't even patronize the lecture course. Such attractions as they had, too—Dr. Waterman, the great Baptist minister from York State, who lectured on "Oceans of Pearls," so beautiful that you'd never know he was a Baptist; and the Orpheus Male Quartette; and the Ladies' Band, from Germany; and all sorts of things! Altogether Henry didn't spend much that anybody could see, and he probably had less than he'd like to make out, with that proud way of his of doing nothing. And nobody knew, hinted my hostess, darkly, how he came by what he had, either.

I am a scandalous gossip myself, and always encourage other people in it. If one may put it without circumlocution, there are few more precious sources of copy. I must say, however, that the Bennetts did not at first profoundly interest me with their revelations. I did not even experience any unusual sensation when I was told of Marvin's prime enormity, that he did not go to church. It was perhaps that in a slightly wider orbit I had happened to hear of such cases before. I had discovered that it by no means argues an original spirit to discontinue that for which one has no inclination. And the mere doing or not doing what everybody else does will rarely suffice to portray a man. The traits of life lie deeper than that. The only thing about it that struck me was that Mrs. Bennett called Marvin, in consequence of his delinquencies, "a perfect pagan." And I put it down in my notebook as another instance of the common use in New England of the most unexpected words.

But I did prick up my ears at last. It was one day when I expressed wonder—a purely conversational wonder, let me confess in passing—that Marvin should continue to live in a community with which he no longer had any tie of blood or sympathy. Mrs. Bennett thereupon informed me that Mary had more than once asked him that very question—so far as I could make out, she enjoyed strangely unconscious terms of familiarity with him—and that he always told her it was because of the brook. He lived, it seemed, on the farm of his fathers, down near the poorhouse; and a brook ran through the place, inconveniently cutting off a piece of the orchard just behind the house. The noise of it would drive you silly, said Mrs. Bennett—especially in the spring. It never could make too much noise for Marvin, though. He always made out that there was some girl in it singing to him.

That brook was what caught me! The rest of it might have belonged to any retiring old gentleman who was afraid of or bored by his neighbors—not that Marvin was so old, though, I came to find out. But this was of a distinguishing quality. And it sent me off on trails of curiosity which rather indecently made good my previous indifference. I would have given anything to meet the man. There was no one, however, through whom the thing could be brought about in the ordinary way of the world, and to approach him directly was more than I dared. It was not merely that he was older than I. One seemed to catch glimpses of an experience beside which my own looked trumpery enough. So I contented myself with getting at him through other people's versions.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It grew into quite a little game just to make out the deviation of each particular compass, and then to chart the probable course. In the general opinion, I quickly found, Marvin was mad. It was all that saved him from open persecution. Could a person be regarded as responsible who insisted that he heard voices in running water, and who told the minister to his face that there was more religion in an apple orchard than in a church? And there were things queerer still, intimated Mrs. Bennett. Mary could tell about them.

What Mary could tell, what Mary did tell, most of all what Mary did not tell, would make a story by itself! It was such a case of the unconscious diversity between character and opinions. I gathered that among the reasons why the girl was allowed to serve one so manifestly in league with evil was the hope that her influence might be educative. Certainly it was for me, during the daily catechisms which she underwent at the hands of her family. These, I was informed in private, were intended to lay open any incipient work of contamination. Marvin's money was a welcome addition to the family exchequer, but of course it could not be accepted if the girl were coming to any harm. There was especial danger, said Mrs. Bennett, that Mary might contract habits of intemperance. Marvin drank himself, and there was no telling but what he would attempt as well the corruption of his handmaid. He was as odd about his drinking as he was about everything else, it seemed. A particular upon which my informant dwelt was that Marvin, instead of patronizing the drug-store like those who had legitimate uses for strong waters, obtained his supply from Boston, as he did his money. But there was something odder still. The man had actually set up a regular bar in his house, in a small entry between the sitting-room and dining-room. He kept it stocked with liquids of strange colors, and he had counters which he could let down across the doorways.

"An' he'll be in the settin'-room," said Mrs. Bennett, "an' he'll suddenly get up an' say, 'Good-evenin', Jack; can you fix me up a nice Martini?'—or somethin' or other like that. Mary's heard him lots o' times. He don't mind her bein' 'round. An' then he'll walk around outside, through the hall, into the dinin'-room, an' so to the other door of the entry. An' he'll say, same as if he was answerin' himself, 'Sure, Cap! I guess we can to-night.' An' then he'll fix his liquor, an' put it down on the counter, an' walk around outside to the settin'-room again. An' then he'll take up the stuff he left on the counter, and taste it, an' say, 'That's a good one you made me to-night, Jack,' an' he'll drink it up just as if he was in company. He never seems to get real drunk, though, so far as anybody can make out. An' he never tries to make Mary take any. He just tells her he'd agree to do all the drinkin' if she'd only do the mixin' for him, an' that she'd save him a power of steps if she'd only help him play his game. She's don' her best to stop it, but it ain't no use. She just stood up to him one day an' quoted Scriptur'. '*Wine is a mocker*,' she said; '*strong drink is ragin'*,' said she, '*an' whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise*.' An' there's a whole lot more in Proverbs about they that tarry long at the wine, an' look upon it when it is red, an' what not. But Henry, he took her right up. 'Yes,' he pops out, 'an' what else does it say? '*Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more*'! Did you ever hear the likes of that?"

I had to admit, on the whole, that I never did.

II.

It is strange how small a residue will be left by how large a volume of life. Experiences that run through weeks and months can be summed up at last in an epigram. Not that I am one, let me say in passing, who is given to that form of expression. The thing done has for me no such interest as the thing doing—to dip a little into slang. Yet the rest of my summer in Marshbury did not seem to add to the picture which I have begun to sketch. I had my impression. I merely spent my time turning it over, taking it in. And the most curious example of what I just said was that, enjoying the impression as much as I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

did, being so permeated by it, I could go away and think no more about it. I went away, and I stayed away three years. The attractions of Italy for the time outweighed all others. But after my "beaker full of the warm South," I had a sudden fancy to go back to Marshbury. To speak in homely terms, I suppose it was on the same principle that one aches for the thrill of a cold shower after a hot scrub. At any rate, I am never so fond of the North as after a prolonged sojourn in the South, or of America as after Europe. And the picture of my pagan came to me again more strikingly than ever—that picture which would have been so utterly impossible in the country from which I returned, which was so utterly of the soil of that to which I went back. Therefore, to Marshbury I proceeded, and, of course, for old times' sake, I put up at Mrs. Bennett's. Indeed, I could not have put up anywhere else. They were all so a part of the impression.

As for that, however—! I was not in the least prepared for the new aspect it had taken. I must even confess that I was at first a little disappointed. I somehow felt that Marshbury had not honorably kept its tryst with me. So does one insist on opposing one's childish singleness of idea to the multiplicity of life! The background of things, to be sure, was exactly as I remembered it. The hills looked just as they had from the time of the Flood. So, I felt certain, did the houses and the people. By whom I mean the lay figures, the supernumeraries. And Mrs. Bennett herself, who was no supernumerary, was good enough to spare a shock to my sensibilities. But that only made Mary seem the more unnatural. She had suffered one of those metamorphoses to which the young are so peculiarly susceptible—and which, apparently, no amount of experience can ever teach their absent elders to foresee. The curious thing about it was that I could trace, after the event, how impossible it would have been for her to turn out otherwise. Even through her most elephantine days she had always been prettier than she could help. It was only natural that she should have grown up into a handsome dignity that barely fell short of beauty and stateliness. And while she was little freer of words than she ever had been, she no longer gave one the feeling that she was in want of them. Altogether she distinctly left me staring.

And she by no means put an end to it when, in response to my inquiry as to whether she still went to Mr. Marvin's, she replied:

"Yes. He's got a girl now. He says she's the one who used to sing to him in the brook."

This statement conveyed undefined impressions to my mind. I did not know whether to understand that the Pagan employed a maid or was somehow in possession of a daughter. It appeared, however, that the latter was the case. And it furthermore appeared—at least to my subliminal consciousness—that in Mary a tacit forbearance with her master's failings, as being more of the head than of the heart, was less unquestioning than it had been. It may have been that I saw more than there was. I generally do. At any rate, when it occurred to me to ask whether Marvin still kept up his bar, I certainly touched something. I could see it in the way Mary told me that everything had changed since the girl came. I felt for her. I felt, that is, as if some bungler had got hold of my rather original little sketch and had finished it off in the conventional old fashion.

Marvin had a child. That was the bare fact. But the full story I did not get then. Nor, for that matter, do I suppose I shall ever get it. I did pick up one thing and another, though, and the result of my pickings I shall now attempt to set forth. It will take less time if I do it in my own way. Particularly as I have no love for the dialect in which my information came to me. If Truth lie within that pale, I shall forever be content to go without!

The affair must have caused a good deal of scandal at the time. Marshbury took even less pride in the possession of a Potter's Field than in its lack of tenants. And when a strange woman turned up from somewhere, and had the ill grace to die in the poorhouse, people felt that their good intentions had been imposed upon. Although they did grant that it was the best thing the woman had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ever done, considering. . . . But the worst of it was that a shock-headed little girl of nine or ten was left on the Overseer's hands—a small imp into whom her mother's devil had returned with seven wickeder than himself. It took no time at all for the matron of the poorhouse to shake her head and sigh, "Blood will tell!" Indeed, she openly expressed surprise that the Most High in his mercy had neglected to take the child unto himself at the same time as the mother. It certainly would have saved Mrs. Lovejoy an infinity of trouble. The mischief that child was not up to! She was as unmanageable as quicksilver. Her worst trick, though, was running away, and she had a passion for playing in the brook of which no amount of whipping could cure her. Time and again the countryside was beaten by night, the brook dragged from one end to the other, only to have her turn up safe and sound and very hungry, without any idea where she had been or what anxiety she had caused. Nothing ever happened to her, either. It was so notorious that Mrs. Lovejoy would often have been glad to let her go, just to have the child off her mind, but considered it necessary to exert authority on the score of discipline.

It did not take this inquiring young lady long to discover Marvin. Two causes operated powerfully toward that effect. The first of them was that she had been warned against him, as being the nearest and most dangerous of her neighbors. The second was that her brook ran through his orchard. Accordingly, she waded singing upon him one day as he sat with his book under an apple-tree.

"Well!" he exclaimed, as the childish voice suddenly stopped and he looked up to find a bare-legged little apparition holding scant skirts in both hands above the water. "Who are you?"

"I'm Sassy," she answered, taking him in with big black eyes. "That ain't my real name, though. The old woman says it ain't Christian. My real name's Daphne."

"Well, well!" ejaculated Marvin. "Mary!" he called to that young woman, who happened to be out at the pump, "here's the naiad of the brook come to pay me a visit!" And then to the child, who balanced herself on a smooth stone while she splashed an overhanging branch with her foot, "What old woman is that?"

"Mis' Lovejoy," answered she of the unruly hair.

"Lovejoy," repeated Marvin. "Love-Joy. That's a nice name." He was a little at a loss for something to say. "Is she your mother?"

"Huh!" cried the child. "It may be a nice name, but then it's all that's nice about her. She's just as horrid as she can be. I hate her. She ain't my mother a bit. It 'most seems as if I never had any." And she began to visit upon the water a series of spiteful kicks that spattered even Marvin's page.

"Oh!" said he.

The two then looked at each other for a minute. But it was the child who spoke first.

"What do you do?"

"What do I do?" queried Marvin, puzzled. "I don't do much of anything that I know of."

"I mean what do you do that's bad?" promptly returned the child. "They told me I mustn't ever speak to you, because you're bad. I'm bad too. That's why I came."

"Oh!" laughed Marvin. "Supposing you tell me what *you* do."

"Lots of things—tear my clothes, and muddy my shoes, and sit in the grass, and climb trees, and slap, and kick, and run away whenever I get a chance. Most of all, though, I play in the brook. Are you as bad as that?"

Marvin held out his hand.

"Just about!" he told her. "But don't run away from here yet a while, Daphne—or turn into a laurel. We have too many things to talk about, you and I."

So it was that Daphne and the Pagan first cemented the bonds of friendship. In the eyes of the unappreciative community that harbored them, however, it was but another point against them both. If Marvin had known what pangs his small ally was compelled to endure in his behalf, he would long before have done what he did. For, as Mrs Lovejoy had ever been one to live up to her word, Daphne spent an increasing portion of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her days in cupboards. She likewise became an expert on the elastic properties of different domestic woods, and subsisted chiefly on bread and water. But when not otherwise engaged she spent all her time at Marvin's, to the despair and dismay of all in authority above her. "Birds of a feather!" they ominously whispered. Until at last things got too serious for whispers, and Mrs. Lovejoy took matters into her own hands.

It must have been quite a scene. The rumor of it still filled Marshbury at the time of my second visit. Mary Bennett had been washing windows in the kitchen, and I got the most authentic details. It seemed that Mrs. Lovejoy swooped down like the wolf on the fold, one afternoon when Daphne was missing, and discovered the two, as she expected, in earnest colloquy. She did not wait for preliminaries. I must say I rather admire it, too—that trait of her serious unenlightened type which will seek the point at any cost, without fear or favor.

"I don't know what you find in that child," she said to Marvin—"born of a common woman of the street that's buried in the Potter's Field, and as full of Satan as an onion is of smell! But when we're trying to do our best for her, it seems too bad that you should come along with your heathenish notions and just undo everything. I'll thank you to keep them to yourself. Sassy, you come along with me."

"I won't!" declared the child, roundly. And she ran for refuge into Marvin's arms.

Well, she stayed there. Of course there was a tremendous row, Mrs. Lovejoy stormed, and Daphne cried, and Marvin maneuvered rather helplessly between. And the upshot of it was that Mrs. Lovejoy retired ignominiously from the field, leaving her adversary the somewhat astonished possessor of an infant. Not that his title was uncontested. Mrs. Lovejoy's last word had been that she would put the matter before the Overseers, and she did. If she was a harsh woman, she was, according to her lights, a just one. She did what she thought best under circumstances which she was not subtle enough to understand. Sassy was an intolerable incubus to her, but for the good of Sassy's immortal soul she thought the waif should be saved from Marvin. After much parleying, however, it was concluded to let the child stay. She had been given her chance. The community had done its duty. And its representative, in the person of Mrs. Lovejoy, realized that, after all, there was a limit to the endurance of flesh and blood. Under the circumstances it was perhaps wise to let the orphan go into hands that were anxious to care for her. The community promised itself that, under this provision for the material aspect of the case, it would keep a watchful eye on the child's moral welfare.

I am not sure that the community did not envy for Marvin a little moral discipline in the contract which he so unexpectedly undertook. Certainly there were distinct elements of humor in the situation. To drop an incorrigible youngster into the arms of a man who knew no more about children than he did about the fourth dimension, and who had risen in the morning without the faintest notion of adopting one, might suggest very dubious results. But the brilliant success of the experiment only served to let in a little light on the ignorance of bachelors and the incorrigibility of incorrigibles. The pair entered upon a life which became no less amazing to themselves than to the community at large. People could not imagine where the two discovered the secrets of virtue and good humor with which they suddenly blossomed forth. It amounted to another proof of their innate perversity.

At all events, for the first time in many days both of them were happy. They paddled unmolested in their brook. They invented solemn mysteries about their relation to it. They climbed their apple-trees. They dug their garden. They kept house—without a bar. They told stories. They explored the countryside for leagues around. Altogether they used to make me wish, when I came to meet them on the hills, that I could be a pagan too.

III.

That opportunity, however, did not come to me. The same train of circumstances which forced me to leave

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marshbury sooner than I expected kept me away from it for the next seven or eight years. But even though the impression which I have been recording had lost a little of its early piquancy in becoming more human, there was something about that quiet corner of New England which always stayed with me. In crowded cities I remembered its open valley. In hot drawing-rooms its running water haunted me. Among people sophisticated to the vanishing point I thought of Mrs. Bennett and Mary.

So, when the propitious moment arrived, I went back to them. There was, I fear, a touch of the practical even in my sentiment. I had been trying, like everybody else, a New England novel. I wanted to be quiet. I therefore thought to kill the most birds with one stone by returning to Marshbury. Be that as it may, when I drove in toward the town it was with a no less unaffected thrill that I suddenly felt the old feeling of the river road. I scarcely know how to express it. There are indefinable states of emotion as distinct in their quality as odors or colors. And only the surroundings which awakened them first can, if ever, awaken them again. This, I suppose, is the ground of that principle of conservatism in man which can never reconcile itself with the protean flux of the world.

My last visit ought to have prepared me for changes. The drive, however, upset the inner counsels with which I had fortified myself—and Mrs. Bennett. She, immortal woman, was identically the same being whom I had known eleven years earlier. Even Mary had not changed so much between twenty and twenty-eight as she had between seventeen and twenty—although it was curious to me that the effect of time should be so much more visible in the one better able to resist it! The strong color of her girlhood had softened into that delicate bloom which few but nuns can wear. And there was something about her eyes that made me wonder. But I did not wonder long. I had other sensations to take account of. For in my ointment of happiness at getting back I suddenly discovered a very large and buzzing fly.

Not that the Reverend James Wentworth could precisely be compared to that humble creature. I had come, though, to look upon the Bennetts as my private property, upon their paradise as penetrable by myself alone. And to find it invaded by the new minister put my nose distinctly out of joint. Particularly as I perceived that my hostess fancied herself and me greatly honored by such fellowship. Of course I could not be nasty about it. Under other circumstances, in fact, I might have appreciated it as much as anybody. I have an especial sympathy for young clergymen. Without knowing very well how much they deserve it, I always look upon them as among the few really romantic people of the world—the people who follow an inner light regardless of rival luminaries. But the Reverend James, alas! was of those who carry the theory to its logical conclusion. He was inalienably assured that his own inner light was the sole reflection of Truth, and that all men else —with whom he happened to differ—pursued false fires.

It was a tremendous disillusionment, this unexpected change of *milieu*. I had two ideas of leaving on the spot. The new atmosphere, charged with latent argument, was the medium in which I breathe least easily. Being, however, more or less of a Jesuit, as I have intimated, I merely fumed within—and took copious notes. I promised myself that the Reverend James should one day be seen in the panoply of fiction. It was doubtless a lame enough compromise. I have always envied those single temperaments that can identify themselves with one side of a cause. For myself, I am unable to do it. I suppose I do not take things seriously enough, or people. They come to me as cases rather than questions. I have no sense of responsibility about them. At any rate, the case of the Reverend James I proceeded to accept as an element of my Marshbury impression. Little did I foresee how sharply it was to throw into relief the other case with which I had so long been occupied!

That had evidently grown more serious with the years—Marvin's case. For Daphne was dead. She had been dead

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

almost four years, it seemed. And under circumstances— One could not expect anything but scandal where such people were concerned, Mrs. Bennett told me. The only decent thing about it was that she and the child had died together. Anybody might have known that she would go wrong. It was what she was born to. She had done it before one could turn around, and just for a good-for-nothing young scamp who was summering there with his parents. Old Marvin, however, had refused to turn his face from her. He had only kept her the more carefully, and had been inconsolable since. Mary had never known him so queer. But—

Yes, it was evident that there was a "but." There were things of another, a darker, kind; things which were not so easy to put into words. Between Mary's eyes and her mother's mysterious shrugs it was much as ever that I succeeded in getting at what the business was about. If it had not been for the plain-spoken Mr. Wentworth—! There was a strangeness to the thing, though, when I got it. There was a strangeness which I never dreamed eleven years before. It was only the stranger for the apparently conventional touches which my impression had in the meantime received. But as I write of it I realize Mrs. Bennett's difficulty in speaking to me. It was not a thing that you could say in so many words and then go out of the room. You had to know the place, the people, the circumstances. It was so largely an effect of relativities, and of relativities different for each person to whom they were related.

It all began with Daphne's death. Then Marvin, who for seven years had been as much like other people as he could be, said Mrs. Bennett, suddenly turned more eccentric than ever. He refused to let the girl be buried like a Christian in the cemetery. Of course she wasn't one, but it was queer that he should be the first to say so. He said the place for her was between him and the water, and he made them dig a grave in his own orchard—on a sort of little mound there was beside the brook. If it had been anybody else, the Selectmen would have stopped him. But seeing it was that girl—! And instead of getting her a proper tombstone, which he could well afford and which everybody supposed he would do, considering the store he set by her, he just planted on her grave a little sprig of lambkill.

That was natural enough in a way, opined Mrs. Bennett. People like to put flowers on graves. But lambkill! Laurel, he called it. He said that was Daphne's tree. It was all a part of some heathenish business they had had between them. Mary thought he got it out of his books in the first place. Anyway, he spent all his time taking care of it. Of course people like to keep graves looking tidy. But they don't build little greenhouses over the flowers in winter. Neither do they get up in thunder-storms in the middle of the night to go out and attend to them. If the Lord intends things to be taken care of, he takes care of them, in spite of thunder-storms.

The strangest part of it, though, was something more unnatural still—something almost supernatural. The laurel sprig had followed for a time the ordinary course of cuttings; had by sheer force of tenderness been kept alive, and had at last developed into a healthy little shrub that could live alone. But then of a sudden it received a new and secret impulse. It began to grow as no laurel had ever grown before. There was nothing like it in the whole county. It outdistanced at a bound the humble shrubs from which it sprang, and bade fair to rival even the great mountain laurel of the woods. And such flowers as it bore—such deep and burning clusters as never would have passed for cousins, even, to the faint-flushed wax of the lambkill!

The thing was unnatural enough in itself, Heaven knew. But Marvin made it a scandal. It hardly needed Mrs. Bennett to make it plain. He insisted that Daphne had turned into a laurel, after all. He called the shrub by her name. He spent all his time listening to the growing whisper of its leaves. He said the strangest things to Mary about it—things stranger than any he had told her in the days when he used to say that there was a girl singing to him in the brook. A cult so extraordinary was not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one to pass unnoticed. Even if Mr. Wentworth had not been in the village to formulate the moral issues of the case, the miraculous laurel waved there on its mound, more indecently conspicuous every day to those who passed on the road. An uneasiness spread in the community. Dark influences were at work among the people. It was a reproach to Church and State alke that such things should go on in their midst. It corrupted youth and was a bad example to age. Something should be done.

Mr. Wentworth, accordingly, did it. He went straight to Marvin. I could not help admiring the simplicity with which the man worked out his case. I wished, too, that I might have been present at the encounter. It was such a juxtaposition of types as one does not often happen to witness in this half-way world. But it was not difficult to gather what happened. It was wonderful how little Mary said, and how much she expressed! Almost as wonderful were the volubility, the excitement, with which Wentworth came back from his interview.

"He is an enemy of God!" cried the minister. "He professes to believe in God; but 'he that is not with me is against me.' He has faith neither in heaven nor hell. He denies the sacredness of Scripture. He says a soul is nothing but a word—that there is as much soul in a ruby or a rose as there is in himself! And the kind of immortality he looks forward to is worse than none."

The table rang for days with it all. Of course it was Mary who supplied the necessary additions to the story. Incidentally, albeit unconsciously, she likewise supplied additions to her own story of which I had begun to feel a certain lack. Marvin had received his caller courteously, it seemed; had even consented, with a new quietness that had come upon him, to listen to Wentworth's exhortations. But the poor zealous young man finally lost his head and allowed himself to say that they both knew where Daphne had gone, and it wasn't heaven either. Well, the minister departed rather suddenly, and Marvin went out to his laurel tree.

With all this going on at the table, I found it hard to keep up my Jesuitism. I was too much taken by the case—by the extraordinary accident of a Greek produced by perfectly natural forces growing up in a New England village. It was such a strange example of the protean perversity of things to melt into one another. The poetry of it simply undid me. I sat there smugly writing New England novels, but I had never imagined anything so good as this. And the trains it started off—! Had that little plant indeed despoiled the secrets of the grave? Had some taproot, blindly wandering through the dark soil, become the channel whereby the hidden alchemy of the earth was made manifest? Was the laurel literally a transfiguration? Might it be an example of the infinite wonder of what we sometimes call God and sometimes Nature, that a poor unhappy heart which had broken itself in the world, which had suffered what life has of pain and dishonor, should at once forget itself and be transmuted into beauty in the life of growing things?

To me more than ever the wind and the waters spoke mysteriously. For me more than ever there was a relation between crystal and plant and creature which meant more than the vaunted supremacy of man. There was neither superiority nor inferiority. It was all part of the blind work of the earth—a part of that tireless ebb and flow which uses the ancient elements again and again in new combinations, which always has used them and always must, in changing forms of beauty and wonder. And I came the nearest ever to seeking Marvin's acquaintance. Here was a man in whom there were senses that had been blurred for centuries. He had the eye that no one, save a few poets and dreamers, had had in two thousand years. He made me think of what Pater says of Leonardo, who "seemed to those about him as one listening to a voice silent for other men."

I was interested to the verge of indiscretion. I even went so far, I must confess, as to walk oftener than elsewhere on the poorhouse road—whence could be seen the sacred laurel above its little stream. It was indeed a prodigy. Such blossoms I never saw in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my life. It turned one's head to see them burning there, hung in their glossy green, with the brook skirling below. Mary told me that Marvin would never pick them. Indeed, he never picked any flowers now, she said. It began the spring after Daphne died, when the trailing arbutus came out. She had brought him some, one day, thinking to please him. But he asked her not to do it again. It hurt them, he said. And they were Daphne's cousins, the arbutus.

I do not know how far I might have gone in my desire for acquaintance. But there came a day when all hope of it was suddenly cut off. There came a day! I shall never forget it. I had been on a long walk in the country. My book was stuck, and I knew of old that the only way to unstick a book was to let it alone for a while. So I walked miles and miles in one of those delicious New England afternoons of early summer when the air is an elixir of youth. The thought of the Pagan, as I walked, attracted me more powerfully than ever. His idea that the whole earth lived as a whole and endured as a whole; that men were but one phase of its immense secret energy, whose so-called consciousness had unbalanced them a little, was merely another mode of an energy more astounding still, as light and heat are but two modes of vibrations which have others undreamed—these things, I say, caught me. They got into my blood, and made me feel that the world could very well get along without another New England novel—for one afternoon, at least! It was for this reason, perhaps, that I came home by the poorhouse road.

As I rounded the turn by the orchard I looked as usual toward the laurel tree. To my surprise, I saw figures moving on the mound; and there was a cart tied at the gate. It was so out of the ordinary that I stopped in spite of myself. Then I suddenly discovered that the laurel was gone! I could not believe my eyes. The thing was too inconceivable. It was to me as if I had stumbled upon a scene of murder. In the first staggering amazement of it, in the choking certainty that something terrible had happened, I forgot my habit of taking no personal part in that village drama. My never-expressed sympathy for Marvin rushed over me like a wave and carried me, running, toward the mound.

At first all I had eyes for was the laurel. It lay inert on the ground, that a few hours before had waved so royally aloft; and already the splendid blossoms looked a little wilted in their green. Beside it crouched Marvin. He said nothing, but the inarticulate sounds that came from him were the most piteous I ever heard. And the way he caressed his stricken beauty was more than one could bear to see. No lover could more tenderly, more passionately, address the limbs of his dead. He straightened out contorted twigs. He lifted flowers from their contact with the ground. Now and again he put his hand to the poor sawn trunk, whence a little pale moisture was oozing, as if to stanch a mortal flow. And all the while he kept by him the severed knot of the root, with its one thick stem that had been broken off deep in the ground.

After the first instant the indecency of looking at such a spectacle overwhelmed me, and I turned away. I noticed Mary then for the first time. Two men whom I recognized as farm-hands of the Bennetts were also there, and another whom I did not know, and Wentworth. Wentworth! All the shock of the moment suddenly flashed into my long innate dislike of the man.

"Are you responsible for this?" I almost shouted at him.

I could have killed him, and he knew it. Yet that certainty of right and wrong which is the power of his type did not desert him. I had a sub-conscious admiration of it, so keen is my accursed sense of such things, even in my fury.

"Yes, sir," he answered. "I am!" Oh, he was not afraid or ashamed! He was of the stuff that has kindled fires and fed them since the world began. And he went on as if he had been in his pulpit—or at the stake: "I have wished that this parish should administer both rebuke and reparation. I have long regretted that heathen rites should be tolerated in a Christian community—as also that a proper charity should not be shown to all, irrespective of creed. I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

therefore took steps, after asking counsel of God, to attain both ends. I cut down this tree because it was a public scandal, an occasion of stumbling to Christians and sinners alike. The very children of our village were beginning to be infected by its heresy. And I shall adorn the house of God with these spoils, thus to expiate a sin and to consecrate anew a work of God which has been devoted to unholy uses. But I have not wished to be hasty in the matter, to be needlessly harsh and wounding. Furthermore, it has been my desire to make good a neglect which has rested too long on the Christian conscience of this community. I have accordingly taken steps to mark with fitness the last resting-place of an unfortunate young woman who apparently from her birth was more sinned against than sinning."

He pointed behind him. Where the laurel had been I saw now a slab of gray granite. And cut into it I read these words:

DAPHNE MARVIN

1884–1901

"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

Summer Vesper Sermons

VII.—Some Objects of Christ's Pity[1]

By Lyman Abbott

WE are more familiar with Christ's beatitudes than with his lamentations. But these lamentations, which in the Sermon on the Mount follow the beatitudes, are full of significance.

Alas for you that are rich! because you have received all the joy you have desired. Alas for you that are self-satisfied! because you will be famished. Alas for you laughing ones! for you shall mourn and weep. Alas for you when all men shall speak well of you! for so did their fathers to the lying prophets. The four classes who are commonly objects of men's envy—the rich, the self-satisfied, the merry, and the popular—are objects of Christ's pity.

Why should I envy the rich man? The Standard Oil magnate lights millions of lamps, but uses only a score; and I have as good light on my evening book as he. The railroad king owns a great railroad, but I travel on it as rapidly and as comfortably as he. Great wealth is a great burden. The millionaire is responsible for thousands of employees; I get the benefit of their service. Enough is not only as good as a feast, it is much better. Of all mad pursuits in this crazy world of ours, the maddest seems to me to be this insane ambition to have more money than any of one's neighbors—that is, more administrative work to do, more cares to carry, more burdens to bear, more worries to endure. And opportunities for greater service? Perhaps. But I am not sure. Carnegie has rendered America great service in putting libraries in so many towns and villages. But is it a greater service than Robert Louis Stevenson has rendered in writing the books for the library? Mr. Rockefeller has rendered America great service in making Chicago University possible. But the University would not be possible but for the very moderately paid professors who are carrying it on. Wealth may be a blessing or it may be a curse. When its acquisition becomes the object of a man's ambition, and its amount his standard of success, it is an unmitigated curse. The man who lives to make money is a poorer drudge than the porter who sweeps his office. He is an object of pity for all compassionate fellow-creatures.

Alas for the self-satisfied! He who is without aspirations is poor indeed. For all life consists in realizing unrealized ideals, and he who has no unrealized ideals is already dead, and knows it not. He is more to be pitied than the boy in his beggary who would fain have filled his belly with the husks that

[1] Luke vi. 24–26.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the swine did eat; for him the husks did not satisfy. A noble discontent is the secret of all progress. To aspire, to see in every achievement only a basis for a future endeavor, to recognize that every goal reached is a point of departure for a new heat in the race, to regard every attainment as an aid to further development of character—this is the secret of a truly happy life. And he who is satisfied with anything less than perpetual progress will wake up by and by to find himself last in the race. There is no such handicap in life as self-satisfaction.

Alas for the merry ones!—"The merry heart doeth good like a medicine." But it is medicine, not food; refreshment, not life; a means to better living, not life itself. "Life is real; life is earnest." There are tragedies all about us: hearts to be comforted; eyes to be dried; discouraged hopes to be revived; tempted ones to be succored; fallen ones to be lifted up and put upon their feet. To shut one's eyes and steel one's heart to all this, to go through life as though it were all one long carnival to be spent in jesting, throwing comfits, wearing masks, playing pranks, is truly sad business. For the jester's time will surely come when he, too, will be heart-sorry, when his eyes will be wet, his soul discouraged, when he will fall and want a helping hand, and if he has never by sympathy entered into the woes of others, he will inevitably enter into his own all unprepared.

As to the man whom all men speak well of, he cannot speak well of himself. He who sacrifices his self-respect to win popularity with the multitude, pays an extravagant price for a possession of no value. The world is won by battle, not by surrender; and he alone wins who dares take hard blows, and if need be to provoke them. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* The only way to secure having only good spoken of one is to be dead in the midst of the living.

The summer is a good time to revive our ideals and make sure that we are not making objects of our envy those who were the objects of Christ's pity.

The Country Schoolmaster

By William O. Clayton

THE theory of teaching which is now advocated is "to go from the known to the unknown." I wish to present to you a type of teacher who goes from the unknown to the unknown, and for all practical purposes the unknown remains unknown until some actual change has been effected in his own life. It is not necessary for you to take a lantern by daylight to find such a teacher. The country schools are full of them. Three years ago I was one of them.

The rural school prepared me for teaching by giving me a large amount of technical grammar, impractical arithmetic, bookish geography, a series of dates and descriptions of discoveries and battles, together with that higher science called physiology and hygiene. I learned my hygiene in a room where the temperature in warm weather was often above eighty, and in cold weather below fifty. The air was very stifling. This was beginning with the unknown.

Having received an appointment, I began to teach in the country school at the age of eighteen. I started on foot, equipped with the teaching outfit of a backwoods schoolmaster, over a road seventeen miles long. I had a tin bucket and dipper with which to distribute water, a broom to keep the floor clean, a box of crayon which had to last five months, an old ax with which to chop down trees to supply wood for the little stove, and ten or twelve books furnished by the school board for children whose parents were too poor to buy them. Under the weight of that peculiarly packed load of about twenty-five pounds, I was compelled to rest very frequently. I recall the fact that as I was nearing my destination I put my bundles down and stepped out into the road to examine myself. What a task! What a respon-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sibility for a lad of eighteen to assume! I do not know how I looked that Sunday afternoon, but as I see it now I must have had every appearance of a teacher going from the unknown to the unknown.

My school-house, twenty by twenty-two feet in size, stood about twelve yards from the road, in the midst of a cluster of unsightly trees, stumps, and underbrush. It was lighted by four windows with immovable upper sashes, rendering proper ventilation impossible. There were seven benches, each large enough to accommodate eight, but compelled to furnish room for a dozen. A little stove stood in the center of the room, and one of the walls was painted for a blackboard.

Early Monday morning I sent out the notice that I would open school at eight o'clock. Nine little barefooted children came skipping in about ten, and before many weeks my roll had increased to thirty-eight.

This school, which had had seven teachers in nine years, had the reputation of being unsurpassed by any in the country for whispering. The report was true. I resolved that that offense which had destroyed the influence of the school for so long should cease, then and there. Therefore I had to resort to a very rigorous discipline. I remember that one morning in November I opened school by flogging eight pupils for whispering and tattling. This proved effective, for the whispering was stopped; but when I think of the means used, it brings before me that same picture of a teacher going from the unknown to the unknown.

At one time my knee class, that is, the little ones who recited from my knee, numbered thirteen. Each of these I taught separately to read by means of the alphabetic method. This required from four to five months. Better results can now be obtained in seven weeks. Weights and measures were taught, but the introduction of a pair of scales or even a foot-rule into such a school to-day would be a novelty, yes, almost a crime. Bank Discount, Stocks and Bonds, Ratio and Proportion, Progression, Partial Payments, Square and Cube Root, all these must be taught, but the one-inch cube remains a foreign body. Just think what it means to ask a boy who never saw a railroad, who never saw a bond of any kind, who would be astonished to see one hundred dollars in one place, such questions as these: How should Pacific Railroad bonds be quoted when ten hundred dollar bonds cost, including brokerage .25 per cent., $1,302.625? When exchange on Berlin is $0.955, what must be the face of a draft that $1,425 will purchase? The ability of a country lad of fifteen to quote Pacific Railroad bonds and Berlin exchange at the sacrifice of a knowledge of chickens, horses, and potatoes is, to my mind, only another step from the unknown to the unknown.

Now the pupil is asked to define grammar. "Grammar teaches how to speak and write the English language correctly." Parse the verb went in the sentence "John went to school." "Went is an irregular verb. Principal parts: present, go; past, went; past participle, gone. It is an intransitive verb, indicative mood, past tense, third person, singular number, rule thirteen: a verb must agree with its subject in person and number." Original sentence: "John had went home after the teacher had done whipped him."

It was the needs of this and similar schools that prompted me to study teaching at Hampton. There is a crying need for public school teachers who are able to teach the proper connection that books, education, and religion have with real life. The people need to know how to work and how to work together for the common interest of the community. Despite every difficulty, and in the face of all hazards, I shall endeavor to establish, wherever I serve, that one principle which is essential to all worthy progress, namely, that of going from the known to the unknown.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Bossism in Cincinnati. By Henry C. Wright. Published by the Author, Cincinnati, Ohio. 5×7¾ in. 182 pages.

The city of Cincinnati has been called the worst-governed city in the United States. Whether this judgment upon Cincinnati can be justified or not, there is no doubt that it is eminent as a home for machine politics. This book purports to give the history of the political machine which has dominated that city. The name of George B. Cox of course figures largely in the narrative. Ohio has recently suffered seriously by legislation, effected largely by men of Cincinnati, which has identified municipal elections with State elections. This legislation has increased the power of the corrupt machine. The author of this book is the Secretary of the Citizens' Municipal Party, which is striving for reform against the listlessness of citizens as well as against the aggressiveness of corrupt office-holders. He makes his statements plainly and specifically. A concluding chapter is devoted to an outline of each of five methods in use in American cities for municipal reform. The book shows signs of being hastily written.

Cameron of Lochiel. By Philippe Aubert de Gaspé. Translated by Charles G. D. Roberts. (New Edition.) L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 287 pages. $1.50.

Handbook of Princeton (The). By John Rogers Williams. Illustrated. The Grafton Press, New York. 5¾×8½ in. 154 pages. $1.50.

An illustrated guide-book to the University and the town.

History of Diplomacy in the International Development of Europe. By David Jayne Hill, LL.D. Vol. I. **The Struggle for Universal Empire.** Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 6×9½ in. 481 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Memoirs of an American Citizen (The). By Robert Herrick. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 351 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Herrick may always be looked to for thorough and vigorous work in fiction. His latest novel, like its predecessor "The Common Lot," brings out saliently and almost mercilessly some of the least agreeable features of American business life. The American citizen whose career is here followed begins his experience in Chicago as a homeless, friendless boy, who has already discovered that too often might makes right. He has endless energy of character, and soon pushes his way upward from being the driver of a grocery wagon to recognized standing as one of Chicago's great capitalists. He is a dealer in food-products, and finds, as he thinks, that it is necessary, in order to compete with the narrowing circle of monopolists in this direction, to bribe judges and city officials. His blindness to moral questions, so long as the injured party is simply the people at large, the city, or a competing corporation, is typical, not of all Americans, but of a certain class of aggressive and successful capitalists. He gains all his battles, and in the end sees a United States Senatorship within his grasp; but in his personal life the result is bitterness and disappointment, and the loss of esteem from those whom he knows to be the truest and cleanest people in his world. The story is worked out with extraordinary virility, realism, and truth. The feminine element in the story is not, however, equally satisfactory as regards interest and effectiveness, and in this respect the story seems to us inferior to "The Common Lot." All in all, the book is one that deserves reading, not only because of its subject and its moral force, but because of the thorough, faithful, and even artistic way in which the material is handled.

Mrs. Jim and Mrs. Jimmie. By Stephen Conrad. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 296 pages. $1.50.

A tedious story of a country town, told chiefly in the words of Mrs. Jim, who was evidently never happy unless she were carrying on an endless monologue.

Norway and the Union with Sweden. By Fridtjof Nansen. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 96 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Robert Louis Stevenson's Works. (Biographical Edition.) With Prefaces by Mrs. Stevenson. **Virginibus Puerisque and Other Papers. The Black Arrow. The Dynamiter. Travels with a Donkey.** Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4¼×7 in. $1 per vol.

New additions to the admirable small edition of which we have already spoken. One wishes that the biographical prefaces were fuller and more like those furnished by Mrs. Ritchie to the Biographical Edition of Thackeray.

Season Vespers: Containing the Full Text of the Vesper Service with Accompanying Harmonies for Organ. Edited by Harry G. Archer and Rev. Luther D. Reed. General Council Publication Board, Arch Street, Philadelphia. 5¾×8¾ in. 134 pages. 50c.

Sanitation of a Country House (The). By Dr. Harvey B. Bashore. Illustrated. John Wiley & Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 103 pages. $1.

This little volume tells simply and clearly how to locate and build a country house to insure the most healthful conditions, how to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

provide a pure water supply, and how to dispose of the waste in an economical and sanitary manner.

Sir Guy of Warwick. By Gordon Hall Gerould. Illustrated. Rand, McNally & Co., New York. 7×9 in. 256 pages.

A fine old story of knighthood, recast and retold in plain modern English for those who find the ancient romances archaic and stilted to read.

Tuskegee and Its People: Their Ideals and Achievements. Edited by Booker T. Washington. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5¼×8¼ in. 354 pages. $2, net.

This volume is the work of twenty-two writers. It is offered to meet the demand for "a specific recital of what is being done here [at Tuskegee], by whom, under what conditions," says Dr. Washington in his Introduction, "and the concrete evidences of the benefits that are growing out of the thrift, industry, right thinking, and right living taught by our faculty." The book is in two parts: the first part is devoted to accounts, written, in four out of the five cases, by members of the force which conducts the school, of the methods and purposes characteristic of Tuskegee; the second part is devoted to seventeen short autobiographies in which are related the experiences of negro men and women who have won some worthy measure of success because of the training they have received in this industrial institution carried on by members of their own race. The writing is unpretentious and therefore the more forcible. Those who really desire to learn some facts with regard to real progress made by negroes in America can find them in these pages.

Walk, Conversation, and Character of Jesus Christ Our Lord (The). By Alexander Whyte, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 340 pages. $1.50, net.

This is not a biography, but a series of devotional studies based upon incidents in the life of Christ or sayings of his. It is, in fact, a collection of short addresses. These are of a sort that is helpful to a multitude of people. Though the diction has a theological flavor, the substance is not doctrinal, but practical. Like Dr. Whyte's books on Bible characters, this one is simple in thought, not obtrusively original, and expressive of a genuine personal religion.

What Shall a Young Girl Read? By Margaret E. Sangster. The Sunday School Times Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 58 pages. $1.

In reply to a question as to what a young girl should read who has decided to begin the Christian life, Mrs. Sangster sensibly says, "Do not let us draw a deep dividing line between our Christian life and our world life." Accordingly, these lists and suggestions are far from being confined to devotional or didactic reading, but include healthful fiction, cheerful biography, and inspiring poetry. No one can possibly read such a list without thinking of books that he would like to see included or excluded, but few people, we fancy, could improve on this list taken in its entirety.

World Organization. By Raymond L. Bridgman. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 172 pages. 50c.

Universal peace is only one element in the conception which the author of this small book presents. He believes that the time has come when it is rational for men to undertake the organization of what may be called a world nationality—what he terms "the sovereignty of the world as a single body." After three chapters devoted to showing that the conception of "world organization" is reasonable, he indicates the forces which are now active in making mankind more cohesive, and the germs already in existence out of which a world legislature, a world judiciary, and a world executive might well grow. The example of the United States and the practical benefit of the Hague Tribunal he frequently uses to reinforce his argument.

Worship Song with Accompanying Tunes. Edited by W. Garrett Horder. Novello, Ewer & Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 918 pages.

A collection of hymns which many have learned to prize through use for personal and other devotional purposes is here published with musical settings. There are very few collections worthy to be compared with this. Although some subjects—as, for instance, the Resurrection—are not adequately represented, an unusually wide range of religious experience here finds expression. In particular, hymns expressive of human service and of the social aspects of Christianity are ample in number and high in quality. In this respect this hymnal is conspicuous, and we hope is a sign of a growing sense in the churches of to-day of the fact that the worshiper is very undeveloped who offers only his own needs and his own praises. The musical settings are of a generally high order. Though the English are not an eminently musical people, English congregations seem still to be in advance of most American congregations in the matter of musical taste—or else they are more ready to acquiesce in the judgment of those whose taste is educated. There are some omissions which seem to us inexplicable; but these constitute a minor defect. It is interesting to note the considerable number of Americans whose hymns are to be found in this English book.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Letters addressed to the Editors of The Outlook, to receive any attention whatever, must in all cases be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Names will not be published if a request to that effect is made by the writer, but no attention, either personal or editorial, can be paid to anonymous communications.

The Cotton Crop Now and Before the War

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In the article on "Republican Education," by the President of Harvard, printed in The Outlook of July 22, is the statement: "The cotton crop to-day in the Southern States surpasses many fold the crop under slavery; because the slave had no will to work." It is surprising that a man like the president of one of the greatest American universities should give public utterance to two statements in a single sentence both of which are inaccurate, not to say false.

The census reports give the cotton crop of 1859 as 4,800,000 bales. The present average crop is 11,000,000 bales, the size last year being due to exceptionally favorable weather conditions. Thus the present crop is two and three-tenths times as large as that just before the war, which is hardly an increase to be called "many fold," especially in view of the fact that forty-five years of almost universal progress have elapsed.

In reference to the cause of this increase it is instructive to notice that the negro population of the United States was 4,400,000 just before the war. This number has been very nearly doubled since then. The proportion of the negroes in the United States who are in the cotton States has changed only slightly. Whereas, for every negro in the country just before the war, one and one-tenth bales of cotton were raised, at present one and a quarter bales per negro are raised. This seeming increase in efficiency represented by one-seventh of a bale is so small that it would not be considered at all if the effort were not constantly made to find some benefit that freedom had conferred on the make-up of the freedman. In any other connection the increased production would readily be ascribed to various causes other than an increased efficiency.

A. M. KRUEGER.

Sallis, Mississippi.

Yellow and Silly

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Will you allow me to call attention to a feature of the "Town Topics" and "Fads and Fancies" exposure which is of far more widespread significance than has been made to appear? That feature is the tyranny of the press, its invasion of our homes, the base and humiliating innuendoes with which it teems. "Town Topics" and the yellow journals are not the only offenders. The average citizen is helpless. A harmless elderly lady slips on her friend's doorsteps and breaks her leg. Promptly a newspaper publishes with scare headlines an account of the accident, a description of the lady's person, a gibe at her corpulence, and a covert sneer as to the cause of her fall. An honest gentleman becomes deranged and is removed to an asylum. In a few days some newspaper announces the fact to all the world, with an account of the man's life and his family history, a hint at evil living, and a guarded reference to his college career of thirty years before. An innocent young workingman and his sweetheart slip off to Portsmouth and get married there quietly to avoid expense and trouble. Some paper learns of the unimportant fact, and in a conspicuous column gives its version of the circumstance, with a description of the bride, her parents' chagrin, and the rage of disappointed suitors. Ingenious reporters twist circumstances to suit the supposed demands of a novelty-crazed and morbid public, until it has come about that none of us is safe in his most private affairs or sacred feelings. Of course wealthy and prominent persons are the particular victims of this tyranny under which we groan and from which there appears to be no redress; but in reading the published list of subscribers concerned in this "Town Topics" affair, it must strike every intelligent and decent person that most of these people, perhaps weakly, made their large subscriptions from no love of "Town Topics" or dread of scandal, but merely permanently to protect themselves and their families from a vulgar and unscrupulous public gossip-monger. J. G. MUMFORD.

Boston, Massachusetts.

Vacations for Working-Girls

To the Editors of The Outlook:

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help," might be the words in the heart of each of the scores of young women who go every year to the houses of the Working-Girls' Vacation Society in the Adirondacks.

Last summer the Society gave vacations to 751 working-girls at these two houses in the Adirondacks and five other houses situated in New York and Connecticut. All girls who apply must be examined by the Society's physician, as no girl is sent away who does not need the vacation for her health. A fortnight is the usual time allowed, except in the Adirondacks, where a month is the minimum time. These two houses in the Adirondacks—Hillcrest and Uplands—are the gifts to the Society of the late George E. Dodge, and are situated at Santa Clara. They have accommodations for fifty-five, and are full to overflowing the entire season with girls suffering from incipient and curable tubercu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

losis. Because there is no physician within twenty miles, it is necessary to have one resident at Santa Clara. There is also a perfectly equipped doctor's office.

It does not require much imagination to realize the value to these sick working-girls of the rest, good food, and fresh air in happy, comfortable surroundings. In numberless cases it has meant that girls who would have become beneficiaries of some organization are sufficiently made over to go on with their work. This is particularly the case in tubercular work. Often a girl will go to the doctor not knowing what is the matter. She feels weak and lifeless and has no appetite, but she does not know that the lungs are affected till the seat of the trouble is discovered by the doctor. These are the cases that are most satisfactory, as they are usually absolutely curable. One young woman who went to Santa Clara for a long term last summer gained twenty-three and one-half pounds, of which she lost only three pounds last winter. She has not been obliged to go to the doctor's at all since her return, and in a grateful letter received from her she says she feels sure that two of her sisters would now be alive had she known of Santa Clara a few years ago.

Last spring a lady gave a musicale at her house for the Working-Girls' Vacation Society, for, as she said, she would feel happier about making her own preparations for the summer if she felt that she had helped give some pleasure to some women who otherwise would not have had vacations. Surely, if all the men and women who are taking a summer outing should send even a small amount, the Working-Girls' Vacation Society would be able to do a much larger amount of work than usual. Should any of these go to the office of the Society, No. 361 West Thirty-fourth Street, and see for themselves the applicants waiting to be examined by the physician—sometimes as many as thirty or forty in an evening—all the needed money would be forthcoming. The one sad part of the work is that each year all available money is promised so early in the season that there is a pathetic waiting-list of sick girls who are hoping that, in case any of the promised girls drop out, they may still have a chance to go away. The amount of work done by the Society depends only on the money received, as new boarding-places can be hired at any time.

The Board of Managers make a very urgent appeal in behalf of the young women of this city who would not get a day's outing this summer were it not for the Working-Girls' Vacation Society.

The Treasurer of the Society is Miss Edith Bryce, No. 20 West Fifty-fourth Street (summer address, Pittsfield, Massachusetts).

The other officers are Mrs. William Herbert, President; Mrs. Richard Irvin, Vice-President; Miss Grace H. Dodge, Second Vice-President; Miss Susan D. Griffith, Third Vice-President; Miss Marion Davis Collamore, Secretary. * *

A City Church with Novel Features

To the Editors of The Outlook:

A church with a printing-office, a hall for manual arts, a gymnasium, baths, a laundry, a small chapel for weddings and funerals, halls for social gatherings, a reading-room, and finally a roof garden with a miniature canal and Rialto, a sea-sand playground, flowers, vines, and rustic seats; all this besides spacious church and Sunday-school departments—certainly this is a novel building! The ideas embodied in this scheme are the outgrowth of a careful study of the needs and conditions of a densely populated Italian district by the Rev. Dr. Frank Mason North (executive head of the New York City Church Extension Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church), and put in tangible shape by the architects, Messrs. Cady & See, who are preparing for the speedy erection of the building in the midst of the Italian colony fronting on Thomas Jefferson Park, New York City. In the basement are located the baths, the gymnasium, the halls for manual arts (including the printing-office), and finally the laundry supplied with labor-saving machinery and drying-room, which will bring great relief to those crowded in narrow tenement-house rooms. The small chapel for weddings and funerals on the next floor will also be a boon to such people; always in order—giving needed room—but not, like the church, too large for family gatherings. For festive occasions it has a complete little kitchen attached.

Then there are groups of social rooms with everything to promote sociable gatherings, lectures, entertainments, and the like. They have their kitchens, cloak-rooms, and toilets complete.

The church proper is a fine churchly room, having no suggestion of secularities, and seating about six hundred. The Sunday-school department accommodates a still larger number. There is also a floor devoted to the "workers," and one to the pastor's family, and a department for the janitor.

What will especially interest the young is the roof garden (reached by an independent staircase from the street). A considerable part of it is covered deeply with white sea-sand in which the children can play with pails and shovels. At one point is an attractive canal on which they can sail their little gondolas, passing under miniature bridges, all under the watchful eyes of Settlement workers or mothers. Rustic seats, canopies, flowers, shrubs, and vines will complete this novel and interesting church roof. C.

A CORRECTION.—Our attention has been called to the fact that by a slip of the pen Vanderbilt University was included, in a letter from Mr. William E. Park recently published in this department, among those institutions available for the education of the colored race. It is well known that Vanderbilt University—founded by Cornelius Vanderbilt in 1873—is for the education of white persons only.—THE EDITORS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED